

The Critic

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The Critic

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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896

A Gift from India

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Mark Twain the following letter in reference to the offer of the Maharajah of Jeypore to present copies of the "Jeypore Portfolios of Architectural Details" to public institutions of learning. We append a description of the contents of the Portfolios, and give also a portrait of the Maharajah.

DEAR GILDER:—

Colonel Jacob has done this great work for love—and has been at it several years, although his official duties allow him but scant time for other matters. The King of Jeypore (native title, Maharajah) has taken a strong interest in this rich gift to the architectural world and has freely furnished the money necessary to the achievement.



THE MAHARAJAH OF JEYPORE

The drawings were all made under Colonel Jacob's superintendence by young natives; they are pupils in the schools of art, and protégés of the Maharajah. In the case of the sculptured adornments of tombs and mosques a peculiar method was adopted to secure accuracy. Sheets of soft India paper were wetted and then beaten into the sculptured shapes, like an electrotype skin. The shapes were then traced with a soft pencil and the pencil-works transferred to flat paper by pressure. Then the patterns were inked and shaded; there was nothing further to do but reduce them by photography and reproduce them for the book by photolithography.

These six parts are a rich mine indeed for the architect and decorator. The intricate and exquisite forms and patterns invented by the artists of the great days of the Mogul Empire are here in abundance—not as pictures for the ignorant to look at, but as *working drawings* of separate details for the student, the architect, the decorator, the artisan, to study,

copy and apply in his work. It is not a work for the drawing-room, but for the art-school and the atelier. Its purpose is utilitarian; the design in view is to place the noble and gracious architecture of old India in hands capable of enriching newer worlds with it—and thus preserving it; for it is passing away; time and neglect are delivering it to destruction, and there can be no resurrection for it here, for the circumstances which created it and made it possible will have no re-birth in India.

With a fine liberality the Maharajah proposes to give this costly book to public institutions, and my idea in writing this note is to convey that fact to our art-schools and universities in America. I quote:—

"His Highness the Maharajah of Jeypore has given permission to present a set of the first six parts to any Public Institution that applies for it for *bona fide* public use, if the applicants defray cost of carriage only and packing—Rs. 1-8."

That is, one rupee, eight annas—about 42 cents.*

They can apply to W. Griggs & Sons, Elm House, Hanover Street, Rye Lane, Peckham, London. And I would suggest—and recommend—that they send a courteous word of thanks to His Highness the Maharajah, Jeypore, Rajpootana.

JEYPORE, INDIA, 13 March 1896.

MARK TWAIN.

JEYPORE PORTFOLIOS OF ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS

Compiled chiefly from old Buildings at or near Delhi, Agra and parts of Rajputana; with short descriptive notes of the places from which they have been taken.

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The arrangement of the Portfolios is as follows:—

- Part I.—COPINGS AND PLINTHS:—52 Plates, comprising 112 examples of Copings and 20 of Plinths.
- " II.—PILLARS, CAPS AND BASES:—79 Plates, comprising 158 examples, *viz.*, 127 of Pillars and 31 of Bases, (1 in color.)
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- " VI.—BALUSTRADES:—50 Plates, comprising 51 examples (1 in color); many of the panels are filled with tracery.
- " VII.—STRING AND BAND PATTERNS:—64 Plates, comprising 326 examples (75 in color), all taken from native buildings in India.

The Drawings have all been carefully done to scale, and arranged together in parts, each sheet loose, so that different examples of architectural details may be readily compared and selections made.

Most of these details are taken from buildings erected when the Mogul dynasty was at its zenith, and will be found beautiful in design, rich in detail, and at the same time applicable to many purposes in wood, stone or metal. The price of the above six parts, each in strong cloth portfolio, containing in all 374 plates, with about 654 examples, will be nett Rs. 75. Packing charges extra. Part seven only, price Rs. 25 in India, packing charges extra. Price £1-10-0 in England. The first six parts will not be sold separately, only the seventh part.

* We presume this refers to cost of carriage from India to London. To America there would probably be a slight additional charge. *Em. Carr.*

A further series, including the following, is also in hand. Wall Decoration, including Dadoes, Wall Recesses and Panels; Cornice and Ceiling Decoration; Parapets, Projecting Eaves and Finials. These will be issued in Portfolio Parts as soon as complete.

The work has been prepared under the superintendence of Colonel S. S. Jacob, C.I.E., Engineer to the Jeypore State, Rajputana, and the Plates photo-lithographed by W. Griggs & Sons, Elm House, Hanover Street, Rye Lane, Peckham, from whom complete sets of six parts can be obtained for £5 and part seven only for 30 shillings.

Copies can be had on application to the Superintending Engineer, Jeypore State, Rajputana.

MARK TWAIN ON THE PLATFORM (The Sketch)

UNFORTUNATELY, perhaps, for himself, but decidedly fortunately for the people who have the pleasure of listening to him, Mark Twain has been dragged out of his American study by pecuniary losses to the footlights of the lecture-platform and the admiring gaze of his multitudinous readers. It is quite twenty years since the author of "Huck Finn" spoke across the footlights, and even at that distant date his lectures were very few in number, so that the people who have seen or heard the humorist in public prior to his present lecturing-tour must be very limited indeed. Perhaps it is a good thing that Mark Twain has been compelled to take to lecturing for a time, as it will enable him to visit countries previously unknown to him, and, as he has already promised, result in "Tramp Abroad," Vol. II., being published. In fact, Mark Twain has so arranged his tour that he will not revisit any of the countries which formed such excellent scope for witty observation in his well-known book. Mark Twain placed himself unreservedly under the care of that well-known Colonial lecture-agent, Mr. R. S.



Smythe, who has negotiated so many big "stars" through the Colonies. Crossing from San Francisco, the humorist opened his tour in Sydney in the middle of September. His tour, which will last a year, extends over all the Australian Colonies, New Zealand, Mauritius, Ceylon and South Africa. He had an offer of 2000*l.* for ten lectures in London, but for the present had to refuse it. He will finish his Colonial tour, and get the resultant book off his hands before thinking of a trip to England.

As a lecturer—or rather, story-teller, for the author objects to be called a lecturer—Mark Twain is, and has proved himself to be, in his opening Australian "At Homes," a decided success. Like Charles Dickens, he relies entirely on his old books for the pabulum of his discourses, but, unlike the author of "Pickwick," he does not read long extracts from these books. He takes some of his best stories—"The Jumping Frog," "Huck Finn," the difficulties of the German language, *par exemple*—and re-tells them, with many subtle additions of humor and some fresh observations, in the most irresistibly amusing manner. He is in no sense a disappointment as a humorist. He starts his audience laughing in the very first sentence he utters, and for two hours keeps them in a continual roar. The only serious moments occur when, with the unutterable pathos of which the true humorist alone is capable, he interpolates a few pathetic touches which almost make the tears mingle with the smiles. Every story he tells serves the purpose of illustrating a moral, and, although, for the most part, he talks in low, slow, conversational tones, at times he rises to real bursts of eloquence—not the polished, grandiloquent elo-

quence of the average American speaker, but the eloquence conveyed in simple words and phrases, and prompted by some deep and sincerely felt sentiment. The author has the power of seeming to jest at his serious side, just as in his books; but there is no mistaking the seriousness with which, for example, he is moved by the remembrance of the iniquities perpetrated on liberty in the old slavery days amid which Huck Finn and Jim the slave lived. He makes the most unexpected anecdotes point the most unexpected morals, but it is the recital of the old, familiar stories without any moral attaching to them which pleases most, coming as they do warm from the brain of the man who invented them.

Mark Twain steals unobtrusively on to the platform, dressed in the regulation evening-clothes, with the trouser-pockets cut high up, into which he occasionally dives both hands. He bows with a quiet dignity to the roaring cheers which greet him at every "At Home." Then, with natural, unaffected gesture, and with scarcely any prelude, he gets under weigh with his first story. He is a picturesque figure on the stage. His long, shaggy, white hair surmounts a face full of intellectual fire. The eyes, arched with bushy brows, and which seem to be closed most of the time while he is speaking, flash out now and then from their deep sockets with a genial, kindly, pathetic look, and the face is deeply drawn with the furrows accumulated during an existence of sixty years. He talks in short sentences, with a peculiar smack of the lips at the end of each. His language is just that of his books, full of the quaintest Americanisms, and showing an utter disregard for the polished diction of most lecturers. "It was not" is always "twarn't" with Mark Twain, and "mighty fine" and "my kingdom" and "they done it" and "caught," and various other purely transatlantic words and phrases, crop up profusely during his talk. He speaks slowly, lazily, and wearily, as a man dropping off to sleep, rarely raising his voice above a conversational tone; but it has that characteristic nasal sound which penetrates to the back of the largest building. His figure is rather slight, not above middle height, and the whole man suggests an utter lack of physical energy. As a matter of fact, Mark Twain detests exercise, and the attraction must be very strong to induce him to go very far out of doors. Rolf Boldrewood called on him in Melbourne, and had the greatest difficulty in the world to persuade him to take a drive. With the exception of an occasional curious trot, as when recounting his buck-jumping experiences, Mark Twain stands perfectly still in one place during the whole of the time he is talking to the audience. He rarely moves his arms, unless it is to adjust his spectacles or to show by action how a certain thing was done. His characteristic attitude is to stand quite still, with the right arm across the abdomen and the left resting on it and supporting his chin. In this way he talks on for nearly two hours; and, while the audience is laughing uproariously, he never by any chance relapses into a smile. To have read Mark Twain is a delight, but to have seen and heard him is a joy not readily to be forgotten. The humorist is accompanied on his tour by his wife and charming second daughter. R. C. B.

The *Tribune* says:—"It may not be generally known that Mr. Charles Henry Webb was Mr. Clemens's first publisher, evidence of which is found in a volume still extant (but bringing much beyond the published price), entitled 'The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches.' By Mark Twain. Edited by John Paul. Published by C. H. Webb." It is also interesting to know that that book was refused by three leading publishers of the day (1868) to whom it was offered." Mr. Clemens wrote to Mr. Webb from Darjeeling, India, on Feb. 16:—"I and the family have finished our duties and pleasures here and are returning to Calcutta; we have lectured and seen the Himalayan Mountain that is 29,000 feet high, and have met a man who conversed with a man who knows the man who saw a tiger come out of the jungle yesterday and eat a friend of his who had just put on his breech-clout and was starting out to pay calls. We expect to see that tiger to-day, for we have to pass right by that spot, and he will probably want some more."

The announcement of Mark Twain's authorship of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" is officially made in the sketch of Mr. Clemens by his friend and pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford, with which the May number of *Harper's Magazine* opens. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Mark Twain, engraved from his latest photograph, and the paper is illustrated with sketches by Childé Hassam, of the home of the humorist at Hartford and his study at Elmira.

Literature

"An Introduction to the Study of American Literature"

By Brander Matthews. American Book Co.

THIS LITTLE BOOK is adapted in size, scope and language to the purposes of a simple introduction, a sort of "first book," in American literature, and as such would not demand detailed consideration. But Mr. Matthews devotes nearly the whole of his first chapter to the establishment and exposition of a thesis which is to justify the plan of the book, and on this a few words of consideration may be permitted. He begins by laying down the principle that "it is no matter where the authors live, whether in New York or in Montreal, in London, in Melbourne, or in Calcutta, what they write belongs to English literature"; and we only wonder, so far, why he has gone to the pains to divide it. But we find a little later that he calls the literature produced in England "British," as distinguished from American, Canadian and Australian. Apart from the obvious difficulty of applying this division (with the principle on which it is based, that "literature is a reflection and reproduction of life") to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Crawford, there seem to be other objections to it, as our author states it.

We do not know whether it is a fruit of the spirit with which the Monroe doctrine is pressed; certain it is that we have not observed the educators of Canada or Australia putting forth courses in Mr. Lindsay Gordon or Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts to the exclusion of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning—but perhaps that will come later. The point is whether, within what Mr. Matthews himself admits to be substantially one literature, among those who have been happily called "the subjects of King Shakespeare," it is worth while to draw so sharply what are after all but provincial lines, and to govern the instruction of youth by nationality, not by excellence. Some few years ago, a "Manual" was published by a gentleman holding no less lofty a position than the principalship of one of our high schools. In this, those who were fortunate enough to find mention at all, were divided into three great classes, A, B and C—Dante would have found more suggestive names for his "circles,"—and the arbiter of place, naming no less than nine first-class American writers while England had to be content with a paltry four, yet admitted with sorrowful candor that Class A of the American authors was about equal to Class B of the English. We are far from venturing to say that this appreciation was a just one; but if it were so, Mr. Matthews would still be committed by his own explicit declaration to the view that the study of inferior products was "of more interest to us here in America." We can, of course, have no real objection to the compilation of a work on American literature in itself; it is the dogmatic tone assumed on this question by Mr. Matthews in his opening chapter which has stirred us up to suggest that his decisions are not necessarily, as those of another teaching authority are supposed to be, "irreformable."

The book itself, apart from its theory, is not badly done. The style, which at the beginning suggests writing down to a juvenile audience rather painfully, becomes less condescending before it goes far. Each of the chapters, except the first two and the last two, is a combined biography and literary discussion of a single writer, Franklin being the subject of the first monograph and Francis Parkman of the last. The writers of the colonial period, from Capt. John Smith down to Jonathan Edwards, are put together in one chapter, while Parkman is succeeded by a whole constellation of "other writers," in which faintly shine Bancroft, Motley and Prescott, Curtis and Bayard Taylor, Walt Whitman and Sidney Lanier, Mrs. Jackson and Miss Woolson, and a host of others whose partisans may owe Mr. Matthews a grudge for putting them off with a line or two in contrast with the average of fifteen pages which the others receive. He is probably conscious, however, that there is no conceivable way in which he could have pleased everybody. Each chapter is illustrated

by a portrait of the author in question and a facsimile (generally covering two pages) of his handwriting; and to each is appended a list of questions for the student on its contents, and a brief list of different editions with their publishers and prices, including also biographies and critical articles.

The final chapter is a consideration of the present position and outlook of American literature, noting especially the absence of supremely dominant personalities, and some recent tendencies in prose fiction. Here Mr. Matthews pauses and waits with attentive ear, on the threshold of the future, and here we may leave him. His style is jerky and full of repetitions; it is marked by a number of curious infelicities—the noting of "fiction, poetry, and the drama" as coördinate classes, and such expressions as "subjects of interest, ever fresh and never stale," neologisms such as "literator," and a possibly appropriate accentuation of "American" spelling ("rime and meter" together are particularly salient); but the book will be useful to those for whom it is written, who are happy in not having learned to be carping critics.



The accompanying picture of Poe's much discussed cottage at Fordham, N. Y., is one of the illustrations with which the book abounds.

Keats's Poems

John Keats. Edited by G. Thorn Drury. With an Introduction by Robert Bridges. The Muses' Library. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

TO THIS EXCELLENT library has now been added a new edition of Keats, in two delightful plump volumes of a convenient size, fitted to the capacity of a reasonable pocket; and well-companioned indeed will be the man who can "wander out in early morn" with one of them at each side. In addition to a straightforward biographical memoir (whose last word has been allowed to retain a misprint, speaking of Keats as laid to rest "under the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Sestius"), there is a critical introduction of 100 pages by Mr. Robert Bridges—the English possessor of that name, it may be observed, and not the genial "Droch." Mr. Bridges himself qualifies his introduction as fragmentary and incomplete, and, indeed, it is not altogether satisfactory. It gives the impression of being somewhat labored, and it certainly requires some labor to carry away from it any considerable store of permanent gains to knowledge. It will, however, meet the wants of those rather uncomfortable people who cannot read a poet, though he be one whose mere melody is so luxurious and whose fancy is so ethereal as Keats's, without bringing you up at every turn with the matter-of-fact

question, "But what does it mean?" For Mr. Bridges goes to considerable trouble in giving a minute analysis of "Endymion" and expounding the allegory of that and "Hyperion," which some impatient and unmethodical readers will wish were actually "on the banks of the Nile." When he comes to the Odes, he classifies them in order of excellence, and his preferences are as interesting as those of good judges always are. "Autumn" comes first with him, followed closely by "The Nightingale"; "Melancholy" third, and "Psyche" fourth, with "The Grecian Urn" (to which not only Mr. Saintsbury, but a good many other people are inclined to give the first place) only fifth.

Under the head of Sonnets he differentiates the compositions usually passing under that name into true sonnets, epigrammatic, odic and "occasional," according to their "contents and form of thought," defining the typical sonnet as "a reflective poem on love, or at least on some mood of love or desire, or absorbing passion or emotion." He classes a number of Milton's sonnets, such as "Cyriack, whose grand-sire," etc., with the Odes of Horace, rather than with the sonnets of Shakespeare or Petrarch, and on this principle decides that not so many as half of Keats's can by any stretch of interpretation be called sonnets proper, if we consider their substance rather than their verse-form. This discussion, of which a brief epitome is all that can be given here, is an interesting one, as is the section on Diction and Rhythm; especially the careful treatment of the inverted stress, found indeed in the earlier writers (Shakespeare's "Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer"), but growing into a characteristic note of the rhythm of Keats, and, we may add, of Rossetti also. The concluding or general section deals at no great length with such things as Keats's relation to nature and to passion, and goes fairly deep.

As for the text, there is not much to be noted. It contains all that it could be expected to contain, including what Mr. Bridges calls "a quantity of indifferent and bad verse," but we would rather have it all and be allowed to make our own selection. A valuable feature is the frequent printing in foot-notes of the more important various readings, whether of the manuscript, the first edition, or Woodhouse's transcript—the last giving among other things what may have been intended by Keats to supply the violent breaking-off of "Hyperion," making the last line read "Celestial glory dawned: he was a god!" It would have facilitated matters for beginners if an additional note had pointed out (what, however, they may infer from the introduction) that the second "Hyperion," printed without comment immediately after the first, was not only a Vision, but a revision. Brief notes at the end of each volume give the source of each among the posthumous poems, and the occasion of the composition of all as far as may be, and include a preface to "Endymion" written a month earlier than the published one and cancelled in its favor, rather unfortunately, as the original one contains a number of pleasant touches which it would have been a pity to lose altogether.

"The Greater Victorian Poets"

By Hugh Walker. Macmillan & Co.

IN LITERATURE as in art and life there are always certain tall figures that loom up above their fellows and catch the light on shoulders made to tower. At once and with almost startling emphasis these birds peep out of the "great backward and abysm of time" and get somehow encircled with a halo, like those paling yet flushing *aiguilles* which one glimpses on high at evening deep down in the vale of Chamounix. The spirit of a whole century, of an entire epoch, has mounted to these noble brains and become radiant there far into the night, landmarks fixed and beautiful to guide oneself by. Thus Milton towered in Puritan times, and Chaucer among the Plantagenets, and Byron in 1822, and Shakespeare, crown and splendor of all, in noisy Elizabeth's times; and thus Tennyson and Browning and Arnold tower in this cen-

tury and stream with meteor-light from one end of it to the other.

Mr. Walker's carefully weighed and thoughtful study of this great trio brings out in keen relief all the salient phenomena of this intellectual age: its key-note, evolution, its fundamentals, faith and doubt, its great taste, the reconstruction of society after the shocks of the French Revolution; and the three poetic giants work on it each in his own particular way. From "Paracelsus" to "Demeter" runs the golden thread of evolution, and along with it another thread—less golden—that tries to harmonize faith with doubt, build up the sunken shrines of religion, and breathe new hope and higher courage into men. The equipment of the three for their huge if unconscious work was complete and varied. All three were remarkable scholars, full of Greece and Rome, and of the wine of encyclopædic learning, imbued with art and science and style, and abounding in all necessary means and opportunities; and each treasured up some precious gift which the gods had given to him alone—Tennyson, delicious imagination, cloying metres, winning words; Browning, glorious, stormful energy, rhythm, dialogue; Arnold, fastidious despair, musical cynicism, scepticism in mother-of-pearl, delighting in its own glints and colorations. From 1827 the century rang with their tuneful noise and ambient presence—and that after such marvellous, one might say *ultimate*, creatures as Keats and Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth had just fallen into what seemed a silence that could never be broken. Every note in lyre or harp or flute or viol seemed uttered, till these new, exquisite, strange voices lifted themselves up, and began to flute and harp no less magically—and former things were forgotten. All the leading *motifs* of the new singers are clearly brought out in Mr. Walker's monograph, which will richly repay perusal. It was said of Petrarch that he seized upon the imperishable part of the Italian language and will live as long as it lives. A similar power was shown by Tennyson and Browning. Arnold is less vital; like Leopardi, he is a thin if strenuous voice that may get lost among the mighty basses and mellow barytones of the age.

"Joan of Arc"

By Francis C. Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS of American scholars to the history of France have been fairly numerous and, on the whole, very praiseworthy. Perkins and Baird are the two most prominent names. Sloane's Napoleon is now in course of publication, and a few years ago E. J. Lowell published his "Eve of the French Revolution." Less well known than these, but of much greater value, is Williston Walker's doctoral dissertation on the increase of royal power under Philip Augustus. One of the recent publications of the University of Chicago, "The French Monarchy under Louis VI.," by J. W. Thompson, is also very useful. The latest of these works is Mr. Lowell's "Joan of Arc." It is a very scholarly book, based in the main on Quicherat's "Procès de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc," published in 1841-1849, whose five volumes contain nearly all the original sources. A full acquaintance with all other writings on the Maid of Orleans is likewise displayed. These authorities have been used very critically and carefully, detailed citations being given on nearly every page. The result is a very accurate narrative of the life and deeds of *la Pucelle*. Besides, the study is a sympathetic one. It does not sin on the side of fulsome eulogy, but is just and critical. Biographers are prone to glorify their heroes in a negative manner, by vilifying all who come into opposition, and even into contact, with them. This Mr. Lowell does not do. He shows that Joan's success in those days seemed to all supernatural, and consequently the English were just as justified in believing that she was an instrument of Satan, as the French were in believing her an emissary of God.

The best part of the book is the account of the trial.

This is natural, as we understand that Mr. Lowell is by vocation a lawyer, and a historian only by avocation. In general, it is to be said that a great measure of his success is due to the fact that he has done what all historians should do, and what is done by few—namely, judged everything from the standpoint of the time. He has not condemned men by our standards. Take, for instance, the question of the sale of Joan to the English by Luxembourg, one of whose men had taken her prisoner at Compiègne. Mr. Lowell shows that a prisoner of war in those days was regarded as the personal property of the captor, and liberty was regained only on the payment of ransom. Such a prisoner "might be bought for speculation, might be pledged to secure his captor's debts, or delivered in payment of them." The French king offered nothing for Joan, and the English, who above all things were anxious to have her out of the way, offered a large sum. For accepting their offer, Luxembourg is not to be condemned. He merely did what everyone else would have done. Contrast Mr. Lowell's scientific attitude with the rhapsodies of M. Guibal in his "Histoire du Sentiment National":—"Jean de Luxembourg appartient à une grande famille, ancienne comme celle des Carolingiens et qui a donné quatre rois à la Bohême, à la Hongrie, quatre empereurs au Saint-Empire romain germanique. Eh bien! pour le descendant de ces empereurs et de ces rois, la conscience ne trouve qu'un nom: celui de Judas Iscariot."

The great defect of the work is that it is too biographical, and too little historical. That is, Mr. Lowell does not lay stress, or even touch, upon the historical significance of Joan's career. Before the English wars, there was little national feeling in France. It was only by contact with the foreigner that the French nation became conscious of its existence. The knights, looking upon the war as a huge tournament, and having no national feeling of hostility against the English, had been found wanting at Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. The people of France, nationalized by their sufferings in the war, came to the rescue of the king, and grouped themselves around him. This was the moment that Joan embodied in so fair a form. As a distinguished American publicist has said:—"The aristocratic state was on the point of dissolution when the democracy of France came to the rescue. This was the political significance of the Pucelle in 1429."

"The Sister of a Saint"

And Other Stories. By Grace Ellery Channing. Stone & Kimball.

IT IS NOT merely a finger-depth artist who can clothe a prosaic barber with poetry as with a garment, and cast around his unhonored head a transfiguring halo that makes us lose sight of the barber in finding the man. It is this divinely human gift of finding a man or woman, where the world finds only a beggar, a barber, or a waiter, that vitalizes Miss Channing's work. From her own inner radiance she sends forth a warm penetrating ray which passes, like the newly discovered Roentgen light, through opaque exteriors and photographs a soul. Then, with her sympathetic chemicals, she develops her negatives in the dark closet of pathos, and behold, we see, as plainly as photographs can show us, the sad, little procession that moves through the pages of her book. Half-starved and scantily clad, they bend over their tasks, rallying their sinking forces in a last heroic struggle to buy a paltry veil or ribbon, in grim unconscious travesty of the more pretentious aims of those who consider themselves in "the higher walks of life." But the most disheartening feature of their misery is the same one which baffles the philanthropist in real life. What is their fate after the curtain falls on the histrionic bones of the providential chicken, called up by the kind-hearted story-teller for the resuscitation and temporary fulness of the afflicted?

To the dilettante reader it suffices that in the last scene he sees no one indecorously hungry. But what comes after? Unless the reader is willing to face the problem and offer some solution thereof, it is a nice question whether the world

can afford to luxuriate in so much artistic *Weltschmerz* as authors are giving us in modern days. The man who is well-nigh saturated with pessimism by the actual miseries of any of our large cities, needs no book to paint them for him. On the other hand, for those who would never get a glimpse of squalor and wretchedness, except through the dainty contact of gilded leaves, such books have undoubtedly a mission. But all softly must we speak the word mission; for to the hyperaesthetically trained mind, the faintest suggestion of anything beyond (or below?) "art for art's sake" is artistic profanity, and as irrelevant as to hint at a possible relation between the empty stomach of one man and the full pocket of another. Nevertheless, this little volume is full of such hints, and at the same time is nothing if not artistic. In *genre* it is the same kind of work that Millet has done with his brush for peasant life. Miss Channing has painted human interiors instead of exteriors. In the midst of the discords of sin and poverty, she has listened for "the melodies of the everlasting chimes," beguiling us to tearful attention by the old familiar refrain, "they loved much." And then, in a soft, tremulous postlude, she has given us its prophetic sequel, "they forgave much."

"Puritanism"

In the Old World and the New. By I. Gregory. Fleming H. Revell Co.

IT SEEMS AT first sight strange that most of the work of original research into the origins of Puritanism should have been done by Americans. Yet such is the fact, in this century at least, especially at this end of it. When we consider, however, that the United States, with its democracy and republicanism, is the first heir of the ages and is itself but the incarnation in political form of the travail and hopes of the Puritans of Switzerland, Holland, France and of the penultimate home of Puritanism—Great Britain,—this fact is not difficult to understand. For Americans a revival of interest in Puritanism is really a revival of interest in origins and in history, especially Dutch history. It was in the Netherlands that Puritanism had its first victories and its first commonwealth. It is certainly time to take the true perspective of that avatar of the human spirit, modern Puritanism, that came into being after printing, Bibles in the vernacular, and the Reformation. Buddhism and Brahmanism, Judaism and Islam have had their Puritanisms, as well as Christianity. The root-idea in the term "Pharisee," if not the actual verbal root-form, is the same as that in "Puritan." It is simply confusing plain truth to associate, as necessary adjuncts, nasal tones, long hair, a particular costume, blue starch, sanctimoniousness or hypocrisy, with the men who three centuries or less ago purified church and state, and insisted on ethics in both religion and politics.

The Dutch Puritans were the first in point of time, and also of thorough work, still popularly uncredited to them; but despite popular notions fostered by priestcraft, they loved music, art, democracy in the church and republicanism in the state. They did *not* talk through their noses, nor put indigo in their starch, and they kept their organs and their oil-paintings and purged out Judaism from their weekly day of rest. Nevertheless, they were Puritans in dealing with popes, kings, priests and all other lords of conscience, as well as in framing rules of life and dogmas for their faith to feed upon. While it is hardly possible yet, perhaps, for an Englishman to look to Holland for origins and blessings—especially while the Transvaal question is unsettled,—it is refreshing to find a British author confessing point-blank that "Holland is the birthplace of Puritanism" (p. 206) and paying a handsome tribute to the late Douglas Campbell's book, "The Puritan in Holland, England and America." It is true that Dr. W. E. Griffis, author of "The Influence of the Netherlands in the Making of the English Commonwealth and the American Republic" and of "Brave Little Holland," anticipated Mr. Campbell as well as furnished the lat-

ter with material and suggestions for his work, but the author of this book does not quote from the pamphleteer who was first in the field, and who for years before had been lecturing on "Brave Little Holland," though he seems to give full credit to other writings on the subject. Indeed, his valuable work is less one of original research than a most admirable compilation, handsomely arranged as a hand-book for the study of the subject, and calculated to serve excellently for classes as well as private readers.

Its contents include, in Part I., a sketch of the situation in England and the rise and development of Puritanism, and in Part II. the story of New England tolerance and intolerance. Prefixed to each chapter is a chronological outline, and with each, also, in foot-notes and in appendices of varying lengths, is a very respectable apparatus of explanatory notes, quotations or definitions, which still further elucidate and reinforce the text and serve the purpose of the student who uses this as a text-book. An admirable index is added. The introduction, by the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, gives us some biographical data concerning the author, who is a Scottish Congregational clergyman, and some useful hints on the possibility of Christian unity. Very properly the author joins issue with those who would make Roger Williams "the first person in modern Christendom who asserted in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience," and awards the honor to the Anabaptists and William the Silent. The former, a century before either Roode Eilandt or Rhode Island was known, taught the doctrine of "soul liberty" in its fulness, while in 1577, two years before the Union of Utrecht, the Prince of Orange made toleration the corner-stone of the Dutch constitution.

"Tom Grogan"

By F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by Charles S. Reinhart. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. SMITH'S new story is doubly welcome with the approach of the summer's sweltering heat, for through it blow the breezes of New York harbor, and the salty freshness of the bluffs of Fort

TOM GROGAN

BY
F. HOPKINSON SMITH



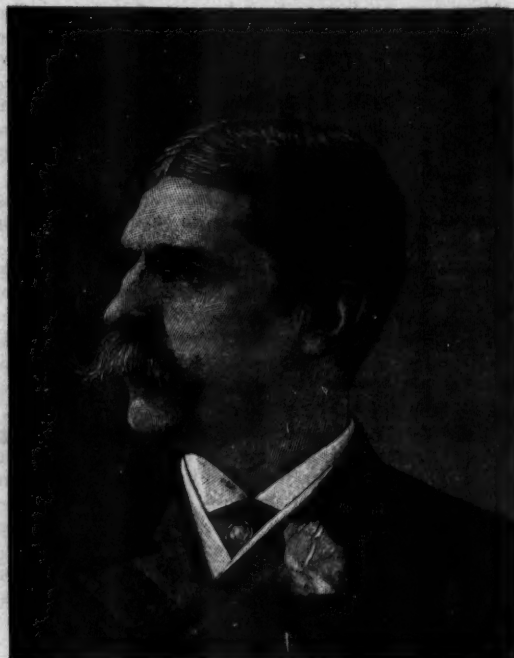
Wadsworth gladdens in memory the heart of him who loves every nook and spot of the city's suburbs and environment, so varied in beauty, yet known to so few of us. There is something more delicate than local color in these pages—a local atmosphere which makes us at home at once, and causes us to recognize spots that are neither named nor tortured into strange places by long, impotent descriptions. It is an American story, too, even though Tom Grogan speaks with a brogue and Jennie's lover substitutes in his conversation y's for the j's of English speech. The plot we dare not touch: the reader should come to the story without a dim foreknowledge of what it is about, and gradually learn to know, as we have done,

"how divine a thing a woman may be made," even though she belong to "the lower walks of life," and be forced by stress of circumstances to go out into the world and stand with men and against them, in the struggle for bread for her own. And when he has finished the story, he will turn back to the beginning, and read with truer appreciation and deeper understanding Mr. Smith's first and only description of her splendid personality:—

"At the foot of the derrick, within ten feet of Babcock, stood a woman perhaps thirty-five years of age, with large, clear grey, eyes, made all the

more luminous by the deep, rich color of her sunburnt skin. Her teeth were snow-white, and her light brown hair was neatly parted over a wide forehead. She wore a long ulster half concealing her well rounded, muscular figure, and a black silk hood rolled back from her face, the strings falling over her broad shoulders, revealing a red silk scarf loosely wound about her throat, the two ends tucked in her bosom. Her feet were shod in thick-soled shoes laced around her well-turned ankles, and her hands were covered by buckskin gauntlets creased with wear. * * * Every movement indicated great physical strength, perfect health and a thorough control of herself and her surroundings. Coupled with this was [sic] a dignity and repose unmistakable to those who have watched the handling of large bodies of workmen by some one leading spirit, master in every tone of the voice and every gesture of the body."

But we like her even better when the other side of her character is laid bare to us—her womanly gentleness and quick sympathy, and her helplessness, too. Mr. Smith is a man of many parts,



MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH

and among them is that of lighthouse-builder. We must believe, therefore, that he knows whereof he speaks when he paints "organized labor" in colors so black that all traces of manhood seem to be lost in all who band together to protect "the sacred rights of labor." With his portrait in "The Breadwinners," published several years ago, and Mr. Smith's delineation of him in this story, the workman who sells his soul to a "union" fares but poorly. He seems to be a cross between a dupe and a knave. Tom Grogan's story is worth reading, and should be kept in mind by all who, in the warm days to come, desire to spend a long afternoon pleasantly, and, we may say, profitably.

"Ladies' Book-Plates"

By Norna Labouchere. Macmillan & Co.

MISS NORNA LABOUCHERE—who, by the way, is the daughter of her father—has written and compiled an interesting volume. We have had any number of books devoted to the masculine book-plate, notably those written by the late Lord de Tabley, Mr. Egerton Castle and Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, but it has remained for Miss Labouchere to show the world that her own sex is not behindhand in the matter of book-plates. For 400 years the ex-libris has waxed and waned in popularity. In the eighteenth century it was at the height of its vogue, and to-day it rejoices in an almost universal revival. "In some ways," says Miss Labouchere, "the modern book-plate is found wanting," and she is quite right. Some of the modern designs, as shown in this volume, are little short of freaks. They have none of the dignity that should attach to a book-plate. In old times coats-of-arms were considered the most appropriate emblems for this purpose,

but, later, certain devices were used that were considered characteristic of the tastes of the owner. Nowadays, if heraldry were confined rigorously to its own sphere, it would be available for comparatively few owners of existing libraries.

In this monograph Miss Labouchere has attempted to trace the history of women's book-plates, and to give some account of those which seem to call for special attention, "either from the interest attached to the owners, or for the intrinsic merit of the design." The label was the earliest form of English women's book-plates. It was merely an ornamental border with a name inside; and from the number of these in existence it is supposed that they were presented to ladies by enterprising printers. The earliest woman's book-plate known in England was that of Elizabeth Pindar, 1608. It was discovered not long ago "in the great mass of odds and ends collected by that much abused and mistaken enthusiast, John Bagford." The seventeenth century was decidedly barren of women's plates, but there are abundant examples dating from the first years of the eighteenth. The book-plate used by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, before her marriage, is given. It belongs to the armorial class. The book-plate of Elizabeth Ring, Jr., is remarkable for nothing except the "junr." after her name. Mrs. Jameson's book-plate is characteristic of the author of "Sacred and Legendary Art."

When we get down to the modern book-plate, we have much design, but little that is characteristic. That of the Countess of Mayo is pretty, and would seem to show a leaning towards music. Mrs. L. T. Meade, the well-known author of "The Medicine Lady" and editor of *The Atlanta Magazine*, has one of the best of the modern plates. We do not care very much for the one made by Walter Crane for Mrs. Sparling, William Morris's daughter; and we care even less for that of Mary E. Allen of Duffield, made by Starr Ward. The Empress of Germany's plate suggests the decorations for a *Schuetzenfest* rather than anything literary. The only American book-plate in the present collection is that of the Colonial Dames, by Mr. E. D. French. We cannot say that we think it particularly good or appropriate, or up to the designer's own standard. *The Athenaeum*, we observe, puts Mr. French first among American makers of book-plates, and almost first among English-speaking designers of these decorative devices.

"London City Churches"

By A. E. Daniell. With Illustrations by Leonard Martin. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS IS AN exhaustive account of all the parish churches in the City proper, including the eight that escaped the Great Fire, the thirty-five built by Wren, and the twelve of more recent erection. The history of each is given, its architecture, monuments, literary associations, etc., are described, and whatever else can be of interest to the antiquarian or the tourist is added. Scores of quaint and curious epitaphs are included; like that of John Whiting (1681) and Margaret, his wife (1680), in St. Bartholomew the Great:—

"She first deceased, Hee for a little Tryd
To live without her, likd it not and dyd."

That of Thomas Stagg, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is as follows:—

"Thomas Stagg
Attorney at Law
Vestry Clerk of this Parish
From the 8th day of March 1731
To the 19th day of February 1772
On which day he died.
That is all."

The very names of some of the churches are curious, and sometimes inexplicable. St. Andrew Undershaft was so called because the May-pole anciently erected on May-day in front of it was taller than the steeple. St. Mary Axe, a church demolished in 1561 and its parish united with St. Andrew Undershaft, got its name from the fact that an axe was the sign of an adjacent house. St. Katherine Cree is a corruption of St. Katherine Christchurch, so called because it was built within the precincts of the Priory of Christ's Church, Aldgate. St. Andrew by the Wardrobe derived its title from its proximity to the King's Great Wardrobe, a mansion originally built by Sir John Beauchamp, and afterwards used as an office for the keepers of the King's apparel. St. James, Garlickhithe, was so called, as Stow informs us, "for that, of old time, on the bank of the river of Thames, garlick was usually sold." St. Margaret Pattens stands at the corner of Rood Lane, in which pattens were once made and sold. St. Mary Aldermay, according to Stow, was "called Aldermarie Church, because the same was very old, and older than any church of St. Marie in the city." Bow Church, or St. Mary-le-Bow, had its name from its

stone "bows," or arches, having been originally erected in the time of William the Conqueror, and the first church built on stone arches. Why St. Peter-le-Poer was so named is not certainly known. Stow conjectured that it was "sometimes peradventure a poor parish," but in his day it was prosperous and rich. Certain other names are of doubtful origin.

The book is illustrated with fourteen full-page views of exteriors and interiors and a large number of smaller cuts.

Fiction

SOME YEARS AGO, M. Jules Verne surprised his youthful readers, and some of their elders, with a "Voyage au Centre de la Terre," the approach whereof lay simply in a hole in the ground. Long before him, John Cleves Symmes, an American soldier (1780-1829), advocated the theory that the earth was hollow, with openings at both poles, and showed considerable scientific knowledge in his printed attempts to advocate his supposition and make it popular. He was serious, whereas M. Verne only cared to add another volume to his intensely interesting series of "Voyages Extraordinaires." And now comes a new writer, thoroughly in earnest, and well equipped with learning, to preach the same theory. The title of his book is "Etidorhpa; or, the End of the Earth: Strange History of a Mysterious Being and the Account of a Remarkable Journey, as Communicated in Manuscript to Llewellyn Drury, Who Promised to Print the Same, but Finally Evaded the Responsibility, Which Was Assumed by John Uri Lloyd." The interior of the earth, we learn from this manuscript, is peopled by beings of human shape, lacking eyes; yet the "earthshine" fills the cavity with light. However, the wonders of this strange abode serve merely as an introduction to an even stranger spirit-world, which we recommend to members of the Society for Psychical Research. One hesitates how to classify this book; it is certainly original, some of its theories are attractive in their boldness, and there is interest enough to keep a reader with a vivid imagination busy to the end. There are many illustrations by Augustus Knapp, which truly illustrate the fantastic text. (Cincinnati, O.: John Uri Lloyd.)

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IF L. CLARKSON WHITELOCK, the author of "A Mad Madonna, and Other Stories," is a man, then do all signs fail, for it is redolent of sentimentality and impossible romance. Not that the stronger sex is entirely destitute of these engaging qualities, but with men they are different in kind. The excesses which this writer indulges in are thoroughly feminine and thoroughly ridiculous. The melancholy poetry she strives for, she never attains, and the "throbbing silence" she desires to create is interrupted with laughter rather than with tears. A writer who talks in large adjectives about art, and only succeeds in displaying a profound ignorance of the subject, is merely exasperating; but when she goes out of her way to drag such fruitless discussions into an unoffending little tale, she becomes unreadable. The story which gives its title to the book is an attempt at mysticism, an effort to make a kind of Wandering Jew of the Sistine Madonna, who is discovered rambling about Rome in search of the painter Raffaello. And when she believes she has found him, the boon she asks is "to die and be forgotten." And Raffaello "pressed his hands to his heart and struggled to speak," finally evolving, with an ingenuity worthy of the unusual occasion, this brilliant suggestion:—"Perchance, if thou shouldst be painted once again, and the picture were destroyed, it would give thee peace." The idea appeals to the lady, and the tale proceeds with the miraculously rapid painting of the portrait, the death of the painter, and the destruction of the picture by a model, who is as ingenious as himself. The entire story is sentimental and foolish, and, in the part about the French painter, vulgar—for it is a curious fact that prudishness often begets vulgarity. "A Bit of Delft," though quite as improbable, is a trifle more successful; but in the last story one shrinks from the touch these unworthy hands give the Court of Honor. (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.)

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THE DUCHESS continues to furnish her yearly volume to her numerous admirers. Her latest, "A Point of Conscience," has much in common with its predecessors, and, like all her work in recent years, is inferior to her earlier books. Still, it is readable enough, and those who are conservative in their literary tastes and abhor new departures in the authors they like, will find all they have come to expect. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—NOTWITHSTANDING the well-known objections to Smollett's too close imi-

tation of "Don Quixote" in "Sir Launcelot Greaves," the editor of the new edition of his works, Mr. George Saintsbury, declares that he considers it far better than "Ferdinand Count Fathom," and that, when all allowance has been made, the book takes a very much higher rank than has been generally allowed it. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction consists of a detailed analysis of the novel, and should be read after the story, not before it, if the reader wishes to get the full benefit of its contents. (Macmillan & Co.)—"THE SHEIKH'S White Slave," by Raymond Raife, is a tale of a treasure hidden in a temple in the African desert. This treasure can only be recovered, so tradition says, by a white slave, and consequently the Sheikh within whose domains the temple is situated seeks to obtain a slave of Caucasian race, succeeding at last in finding a young Englishman. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—A NEW EDITION of those excellent stories, "The Danvers Jewels" and "Sir Charles Danvers," has been published in one volume, handsomely bound in blue and silver. (Harper & Bros.)

A NEW EDITION of the works of James Fenimore Cooper, the Mohawk Edition, has been projected by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. It will be completed in thirty-two volumes, and be similar in appearance to the Hudson Edition of Irving, published by the same house. The first volume of the edition, "The Spy," shows that the publishers have attained their aim, of "giving to the reading public the handsomest low-priced set of Cooper that has thus far been placed upon the market." That there is room among us for a good uniform edition of Cooper's works there can be no possible doubt, for he is one of the fathers of our literature, and, whatever may be said about the ingratitude of republics, this country certainly cannot be charged with neglecting the memory of its literary pioneers. The edition will be published in groups, to follow each other at brief intervals. Besides "The Spy," the first group will comprise "The Deerslayer," "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder" and "The Prairie." The edition, by the way, will contain only the fiction, neither the "Naval History of the United States" nor the "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers" (both excellent books in their way and day) being included. But it is his novels, after all, that have given Cooper enduring fame, and it is his novels which contain undoubtedly his best work. A true American, Cooper succeeded in creating truly American characters, whose acquaintance our boys and girls should make, with whom they should live for a while, that they may become better and truer Americans. We welcome this edition and venture to predict its success. As the volumes are to be sold separately, it will be an easy matter to acquire them gradually.

New Books and New Editions

ANOTHER HANDSOME and convenient edition of Poe's works has just appeared—this time from a Philadelphia press. It is in eight handy volumes, of which the first four include the "Tales," volume five the "Poems," "Essays on Poetry," and "Eureka," volume six the "Miscellaneous Essays" and "Marginalia," together with "Fifty Suggestions," "A Chapter on Autography" and other scraps not without interest. Two volumes of "Criticisms" wind up the edition. The last volume contains an index to the set. Owing to its make-up and appearance, this is the most desirable of the cheaper editions of Poe. It is strongly bound in neat grey cloth, ornamented in purple and gold, is excellently well printed from new and handsome types on white paper of good substance and quality, and is adorned with an etched or photogravure frontispiece and other plates in each volume. Of these illustrations the designs to the "Poems" and "Tales," by F. C. Tilney, merit more than a passing word of praise. Poe's odd combinations of realism and fancy have seldom been so well turned into pictures as in Mr. Tilney's drawings. Particularly good are his illustrations to "Ullalume," "The Raven," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Pot and the Pendulum," "The Spectacles" and "The Angel of the Odd." Among the portraits are those of Mrs. Browning, Hawthorne, Lowell, Henry Cockton, Willis, Margaret Fuller, and Poe himself. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED the "First Report of the Pratt Institute Neighborhood Association," issued several months ago. The Pratt Institute is established in Brooklyn, and some time ago its members conceived the idea of extending its benefits to the poorer classes of the city by means of clubs, concerts and other features

of social life and of education. This Report gives an account of the first year of the new movement, and shows pretty clearly what kind of work the Institute has undertaken. Several clubs have been organized, and others projected; a sewing-school has been added, and seems to be doing good work; a kindergarten has been opened, and is well attended; entertainments of various kinds have been given, and gratuitous medical aid has been furnished in certain cases. The movement being mainly of an educational character, books have been extensively lent to readers of small means, and pains have been taken to keep them circulating. Various other methods of work had been outlined at the date the Report was published, and some of them have doubtless been carried into effect by this time. The movement being of such recent origin, its ultimate effect cannot be foreseen; but, if properly carried out, it cannot fail to be useful. (Brooklyn: Pratt Institute.)—"A GLANCE AT GOVERNMENT," by Cicero W. Harris, consists of a few short and rambling chapters on the origin and purpose of government, but is too trifling and superficial to be of any value. So important a theme cannot be adequately treated in less than forty small pages. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE BOOKLET entitled "The Scholar in Politics" consists of an address delivered by Secretary of State Olney before the alumni of Brown University. Mr. Olney begins with the remark that educated men are the only privileged class in America, a remark which in its literal sense is not true. But the inference he draws from it, that our educated men are under special and peculiar obligations to their fellow-countrymen, is undoubtedly true. He blames the educated classes for not giving more attention to politics, and urges them to be more active in that direction hereafter; but we have some doubts whether his advice will be generally heeded. That more intelligence is needed in our public affairs, both in the people and in their leaders, is obvious; and educated men who have taste and talents for political life should enter it. But the need of better work in literature, science, philosophy and other intellectual fields is equally great, and men capable of doing it may well hesitate to abandon them for practical politics. Mr. Olney makes one misstatement of fact that deserves to be noticed. He says that "none of our institutions of learning has a school of politics," when in fact there are several such schools in our leading universities. It is true that they are not equal to their pretensions; but their existence ought by this time to be well known. We are sorry to have to add that the reputation of the scholar in politics has not been enhanced by the conduct of some of our most cultivated politicians—ANOTHER LITTLE BOOK from the same publisher is the address of Carl Schurz to the Civil Service Reform League, in December last; but, as there is nothing new or striking in it, it does not call for extended notice. Some parts of it, however, are interesting as showing to what point the reform has now been carried. (Philada.: Henry Altemus.)

ABOUT A YEAR ago *The Cosmopolitan* published an article on "The Young Man and the Church," by Edward W. Bok, which provoked considerable controversy in church circles. Mr. Bok discussed in that paper the undeniable fact that young men, or, at least, the majority of them, do not go to church, and boldly attributed the cause of this fact not to the young man's wickedness, but to the shortcomings of the clergy—in tact, in sympathy, and, above all, in practical knowledge of the young man's daily life. The paper has been reprinted in a booklet, bound in white and gold, with an "After-word" by the author, who declares that he has nothing to retract or revise, and that "to-day, as I look back upon the discussion, I have only one regret: that my views should have elicited so much personal discourtesy from the pulpit, from men who, although not of the highest standing in the American pulpit, are yet ministers of the Gospel and of the teachings of Christ. I have heard and read myself called every imaginable name by men from whose mouths I had a right to expect at least cleanliness. I have one gratification, however, that from the clergy who stand highest in the respect of the American people and who are serving their calling as best fits it, my views have either won approval or respectful dissension." (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.)—THE SAME publisher has brought out, uniform with the booklet just reviewed, Mr. Bok's essay on "The Young Man in Business," which appeared originally in the same magazine. It is sensible, practical and to the point, and contains some advice that may well be taken to heart by young men.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S excellent appreciation of himself, entitled "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," is published in a little volume by the Macmillans, with Walter Pater's essay on "Style." It is old-fashioned, perhaps, to want to treat men like these with something better than a paper-cover respectfulness, but it is just as well to have the feeling. There is a certain satisfying sense of refinement in it; and then, if one has it, one can have the still more satisfying sense of overcoming it—of entering into a quiet joy in the homeliness and the everydayness of a little, rumpled classic—one that has the look of having been pocketed and loved in all sorts of strange places, of having followed a man's soul about on trains and streets and kept him reminded. The occasional glimpse of a little book like this over a man's shoulder in a trolley-car fills the whole place with possible fellowships—with silent book-intimacies that have passed our way and gone on forever. We saw a quaint little woman yesterday reading Frederic Harrison's "Choice of Books" in this way, and it was a great deal better than being introduced to her. We got more out of it. Besides, we had forgotten to mention the fact that the essay was to be had in this shopping-satchel size, and Mr. Harrison is certainly worth reading—if only for the education of disagreeing with him. (Macmillan & Co.)—MR. PATER'S "Child in the House" is different, of course. Such a little missal of beauty is quite impossible on cheap paper. It would almost seem to pity itself between the lines. An American publisher seems to have thought of this. His "Child in the House" is a plain, dainty, tiny suggestion of a book, and comes to us restfully in these days of the glaringly æsthetic—with no ornament but perfection. (Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.)

MRS. JULIA KEESE COLLES has just issued a new edition of her interesting book, "Authors and Writers Associated With Morristown." To the ordinary New Yorker, Morristown is merely another of those New Jersey towns with a Washington's headquarters, but those who read Mrs. Colles's book will find that among its citizens have been many whose names have lent lustre to the history of American politics and literature. Such books as these not only have a local interest, but are valuable to the future historian. (Morristown, N. J.: Voght Bros.)—"STUDIES IN PHYSICAL CULTURE," by J. M. Buckley, LL.D., has been added to the Wayside Course Series of the Chautauqua System of Education. The author preaches the benefits to be derived from exercise, and gives some light forms of gymnastics. (Meadville, Penn.: Flood & Vincent.)—RECENT ADDITIONS to Macmillan's Miniature Series are "Amiel's Journal," translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Marion Crawford's treatise on "The Novel: What It Is." (Macmillan & Co.)—THE NINTH VOLUME of the English "Book-Prices Current" (Dec. 1894–Nov. 1895) contains a smaller number of entries than any of its predecessors, although the number of sales by auction in England during the year has been greater than at any period since 1887. Sixty-four sales were held, comprising 45,431 lots of property, which brought the unusually high average of 1*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* each. It is interesting, as the editor suggests, to compare the different volumes of the work. Certain books reappear in each successive volume, while others have almost entirely disappeared from the market. (London: Elliot Stock.)

A SECOND edition of "A Satchel Guide to Europe" for 1896 has just been published—a fact which speaks more eloquently than could any commendation of ours for the excellence and accuracy of this admirable and handy *compagnon de voyage*. We note the corrections of what are in reality a few unimportant changes, which have occurred since the first edition for this year went to press a little while ago. The volume needs no further praise, but the intending visitor to Europe who happens not to know of its existence should purchase it at once and study it well on the trip across: it will increase his enjoyment and save him much worry, time and expense. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—CASSELL'S "Complete Pocket Guide to Europe" for 1896, though professedly "revised," contains practically all the errors pointed out by *The Critic* in former years. Many of these errors are in regard to changes made from five to twelve years ago, and in great cities, like Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Paris and Rome, or on important routes in Switzerland, like that from Geneva to Chamouni, etc. And there is no mention whatever of the North Sea Canal, connecting Amsterdam directly with the ocean, although it was opened in 1876, but the much older North Holland Canal is still given as the connection between the capital of Holland and

the sea. "Revision" that overlooks points like these is not worthy of the name. The maps are not up to date and are also marred by errors in names. We note *Chinsi* for *Chiusi* on two maps. Some of these are poorly printed, and many names are quite illegible. The typographical execution generally is inferior to that of the earlier editions of the book. We note that the compilers of these guide-books do not count Turkey and Greece as European countries, notwithstanding the growing popularity of the Mediterranean tour. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

A Book and its Story

A POET'S "CONFIDENCES"

ALTHOUGH I never met the late Mr. Frederick Locker face to face, I counted him among my friends. That I never met him was my misfortune, not my fault. A long time before my first visit to Europe I had exchanged letters with Mr. Locker, and I looked forward to seeing him as one of the great pleasures of my trip. But, alas! I was but a short time in England, and then he was on the Continent, and when he was in England, I was on the Continent, and so we played at cross purposes. A few years later I went to England again, this time determined to see him if I had to penetrate into the fastnesses of Rowfant; but just as I was about to make the bold plunge, I received a note from him saying that he was coming to London. Unfortunately I did not receive the note at the right time, being in the country when it arrived. I called at Pont Street, however, on chance, but chance is a bad thing to call on in London, if you want to see anyone. I did not see him, for he was only in town for a day or two. And now when I go to London again, I shall not see him, for he has gone where neither friend nor enemy can look him up; but of enemies he had none.

Every one who knew Frederick Locker found him just what he expected: a thorough man of the world, but unspoiled and charming. He was a delightful conversationalist (I don't like that word as applied to so informal a talker) and an appreciative listener. His verses were always graceful and filled with wit. He found life pleasant and he took it as he found it. It would be impossible to give a better idea of the man than he has given of himself in this volume. ("My Confidences," imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.) If all confidences were as delightful as these, one would not mind being a confidant. There is an air of touch-and-go about them that one expects in a writer of *vers de société*. He does not take many things seriously, not even himself.

The sub-title of Mr. Locker's book is "An Autobiographical Sketch Addressed to my Descendants"; and all the family anecdotes are arranged in their proper order, beginning with his birth in 1821, and coming down to his last days. Apart from the value of these confessions as the autobiography of one of the most interesting men-of-letters of our time, they are brim full of wit and humor. One "chortles in his joy" while reading them. Mr. Locker devotes several pages to items of family history antedating his own birth. His father, it seems, was charged with an important mission to Napoleon Bonaparte, then at Elba. The senior Locker described him as most gracious, and was very much impressed by his manner and appearance, though he thought him a trifle too fat to fulfil one's idea of greatness. His figure had more "the appearance of feminine softness than of muscular activity." Mr. Locker characterizes his mother as being "as merry as a grig"; of his father he was proud but rather afraid. It was from the former, no doubt, that he got his sense of humor.



The poet was only eight-and-twenty when he proposed marriage to Lady Charlotte Bruce—the sister, I believe, of Lady Augusta Stanley. He tells how he proposed to her one day in Hyde Park:—"We had seated ourselves upon a bench, and neither spoke. I took her hand. 'This is the prettiest hand in all the



world,' said I. 'I happen to know of one that is quite as pretty,' said she. Another silence. Perhaps I was incredulous, but when she put the other pretty hand into mine, I knew that we both were very happy." They were married in Paris, and after the wedding they drove to St. Germain, Mr. Thomas Erskine of Linlathen lending them his house. "Dear Tom!" exclaims Mr. Locker. "He was a most lovable person. But, alack! with a genius for goodness he had not a single redeeming vice." Locker saw Lamartine in Paris, and found him "handsome and picturesque-looking, but with an over-refinement of manner." "I object," he says, "to the purient chastity of his poetry." The way that Mr. Locker hits off the people he met with a *mot* or an epigram adds spice to his "Confidences." Browning used to come to the Rue de Lille to read Keats's poetry to Lady Elgin. "The good fellow never read his own." Mr. Locker never saw Mrs. Browning in society, but at her own fireside she struck him as "very pleasing and very sympathetic." Her "physique was peculiar: curls like the pendant ears of a water spaniel, and poor little hands—so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the Hand that had made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes."

He paid Landor only one visit, and found him reading a Waverley novel, and congratulated him upon having so pleasant a companion in his retirement. "Yes," said he, "and there is another novelist whom I equally admire, my old friend G. P. R. James." Landor had "a diabolical laugh—a prolonged mockery, with apparently no heart or happiness in it, and when you thought he had done he went on and on." Of Disraeli Mr. Locker says:—"His philosophy of life was of the shallowest; and it is curious that a man who seemed to believe nothing particular should have been so piously believed in by his spouse and his party." Dante Rossetti, he thinks, could have "hardly been a comfortable man to abide with." He collected Oriental china

and bric-à-brac, and had "a collection of queer creatures—a raven and marmots or wombats, etc., all in a garden behind his house. I believe he once kept a gorilla."

Mr. Locker says that his mother-in-law, Elizabeth, Countess of Elgin, who was "gifted," had "many virtues and a few oddities," also "a passion for cold air." Speaking of the poets, he says that "all Wordsworth's best could be collected into a thin volume." Tennyson had "an exquisite grace, glorified by subtle harmonies. * * * My selection from Alfred would make a much thicker volume than Wordsworth's, but would it be more precious?" "I rank Byron with the very greatest, but he does not reach the cloistered sanctuaries of my heart. I grudge him the position I am constrained to give him." "Several of Cowper's short poems are inimitable. He writes so very like a gentleman." "I immensely admire about eight or ten pages of Keats, the young Marcellus of our tongue. He instructs us by means of delight." "If Præd had been more of a colorist he would have been our Watteau of the pen." "I greatly appreciate a few pages of Browning: he has intellectual momentum and a subtle and spiritual energy; he is hopeful and makes others hope. But Browning crushes me; as Shelley has too extravagant an imagination, and dwells in too rarefied an atmosphere, so is Browning too—I must leave it to you, my dear children, to here insert any words you think most appropriate and most kindly to Browning, even though it be at your father's expense."

Speaking of poets in private life:—"Would they have been the pleasantest people in the whole world to live with? I doubt it. The being who is gifted with genius does not possess it: it possesses him, and he and we have to pay the penalty." The gen-

TELEGRAMS.
ROWFANT STATION.

ROWFANT,
CRAWLEY,
SUSSEX.

19 June 1892

Dear Miss Gilder

I have just got your letter.
& am glad to hear there is a
good chance of our seeing you
but we are leaving this for
some months & shall be
found at 60 Pont Street
Belgrave Square. Your mother
hopes you & your sister-in-law
will come to tea, at five

o'clock,

please give us a day's
notice if you are unable to
come for your day.

Yours very truly
T. Locker-

ius is "more dependant than the ordinary man on the incense that comforts his immortal part—he must have it or he withers." Then again, it is "a misfortune for a poet that he should be compelled to capitalize his emotions, which often leaves the poor fellow with barely sufficient for even the conventional exigencies of everyday life." "I have met with not a few poets who were very delightful companions, but they were inferior poets."

Mr. Locker writes delightfully of his mania for collecting. "I am," he says, "nearer to Titian when I have one of his masterly sketches in my hand. This enjoyment is not given to everybody: Tennyson would not give a dam (a very small Indian copper coin) for a letter in Adam's handwriting, except for curiosity to know how Adam had expressed himself." Bric-à-brac being an expensive hobby, Mr. Locker gave all his spare time and cash to collecting books, and the Rowfant Library is famous. Of Bedford, the famous bookbinder, he says:—

"There was nothing of the *durus avator* about this emperor of morocco—he appreciated tall copies; he respected half titles and fly-leaves—especially the fly-leaf A before the title; he venerated margins—and therefore we had many dealings. Bedford was of a cautious and furtive humor. He once sent me home a little binding which I considered unsatisfactory—the volume did not shut properly, it gaped! When I pointed out this grievous defect, his only remark was: 'Why, bless me, sir, you've been reading it!' The collector seldom condescends to become a student. I had not been reading it, and I told him so; but I understood the reasonableness of his reproach."

* * *

Mr. Locker's second wife was Hannah Jane, daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, a Vermont lawyer who built up a successful practice in England and was knighted; and the poet added Lampson to his own name for family reasons.

* * *

Mr. Locker was very fond of Thackeray. Who, he says, "is so genial, tender, and humorous? Why, the very negligence of his verse has its charm!" One day at the Travellers' Club, he was talking to Thackeray about the illustrations in the new part of "The Newcomes." Just as they were parting Locker was foolish enough to say:—

"But, my dear fellow, perhaps there may be some kind people who will say that you did the cuts and Doyle the letter-press." On this Thackeray's jaw dropped, and he exclaimed bitterly, "Oh, really, that's your opinion, is it?" I saw at once what a mistake I had made; but I could only reply, "I spoke in fun, pure fun; you know perfectly well how much I admire your writings, and also Doyle's cuts." But Thackeray would have none of it, and turned wrathfully away in the direction of Pimlico. However, his wrath, I presume, died away in the large and charitable air of the Green Park, for when I met him the day after he was as amiable as ever."

* * *

Locker frequently visited George Eliot in her home; he thought her a great but unhappy woman. She did not always talk of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but was fond of the vanities of this wicked world, and on one occasion when he was talking with her, she asked him all sorts of questions about Mrs. Langtry. "Her head," he says, "had been intended for a much longer body—she was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing, out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone." Mr. Lewes did not impress Locker favorably. His adverse critics said that "he was literary among men of science, and scientific among literary men." He had "long hair, and his dress was an unlovely compromise between morning and evening costume, combining the less pleasing points of both." Dickens "had much social tact; he could say 'No,' but I should think that he had infinitely greater pleasure in saying 'Yes.' * * * He had plenty of light-in-hand fun, and a great capacity for friendship."

Carlyle was "a man of imperfect sympathies. I am told," says Mr. Locker, "that he did not care for art, and that he did not care for poetry or fiction, perhaps because he had failed in them. For aught I know, he may have been that inclement and identical Scot whom Charles Lamb would have been willing to consign to 'the most Caledonian corner in hell.' I should say that generally he was not quite understood. Let us try to think of him as a comic Ezekiel, and then we shall be better able to do him justice."

If anyone objects that Mr. Locker is too plain-spoken in this book, he must remember that it is not an ordinary autobiography, but that the reader has been paid the special compliment of being taken into the author's confidence, and it is this that gives these pages their unique and peculiar charm. It will be recollected that the poet's daughter married Lionel Tennyson, the Laureate's son, and some years after his death became the wife of Augustine Birrell, the delightful essayist, barrister and M. P. Needless to say that Mr. Birrell has edited his father-in-law's "Confessions" in a manner quite ideal.

J. L. G.

The Lounger

I DARE SAY that by the time this paragraph is published, we shall be sitting by wood-fires, and that there will be snow on the ground. Not that its day of publication is so far off, but that we suffer from so much variety in our climate. Variety, even in climate, is not a bad thing; but I do object to having so much variety in so short a time. I am writing this in the evening, in a room facing the street. My windows are all open, and so are the windows of all my neighbors. I can hear every kind of piano-forte playing, mingled with the voices of the children of the streets; and the combination is not agreeable. But the noise does not end here. Half a block from my window is the Madison Square Garden; and there the Barnum & Bailey circus is holding forth to the delight of many thousands of people and to the infinite disgust of one person. I can hear the band playing, and, having seen a good deal of circuses when I was young, I know by the manner of the playing just what is going on. There is the fanfare of the trumpets, announcing the shooting of the "human arrow" through the paper target. Then the band plays in waltz time the popular ditty "If she'd only dance with me" (that may not be the exact title, but it is the refrain), and I know that the trained horses or the elephants are waltzing around the ring. Then for a few moments there is no music, and I know that the clown is splitting the ears of the galleries, and I am glad that I am no nearer to it all, and wonder how I could ever have been thrilled by "human arrows" or amused by the puerile wit of the clown.

* * *

IT IS NOT of the circus, however, that I set out to write, but of the noises that penetrate the sanctuary of the journalist. The circus I could stand, for I get only its echoes. It is the other noises of the street that distract me. At the corner a branch of the Salvation Army is beating drums and shaking tambourines. In Fourth Avenue the bells of the horsecars are tinkling, and in Lexington Avenue (I am between the two), the gongs of the cable-cars beat defiance in the ears of the householder. Down my street, which is paved with cobblestones, a furniture-van and an express-wagon are thundering, while through it all pierces the shrill whistle of a steam peanut-roaster at the opposite corner. Do you wonder that I am longing for the day to come when I can turn my back upon all this din, mount my wheel and become a part of the country landscape?

* * *

THERE IS NO American that loves London more than I do, yet I am bound to admit that it is a deadly dull place on Sunday. I don't know why this should be; for the parks are there, and there is much to see the outside of; but the insides of galleries and museums are as a sealed book. That is, they were until within a few days. Now all this is changed, and the galleries and museums are

* * *

I AM VERY GLAD that Mme. Nordica was presented with a tiara the other night, because she is an accomplished artist and deserves much in the way of acknowledgment at the hands of her countrymen. I am, however, just a little amused at the confident air with which certain of our young critics speak of this as the first occasion on which an American prima-donna has been so honored. This is *not* the first occasion of the sort, by any means. I have very distinct recollections of a memorable evening, not so many years ago, when the ladies of New York gave a complimentary concert to their distinguished townswoman, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and took that as an occasion for presenting her with a beautiful diamond star to testify in a measure their high appreciation of her talents as an artist and her qualities as a woman. The late Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow was the president of the committee of ladies, and Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts was the treasurer. Mr. Parke Godwin made the presentation speech, and the audience, which was one of the most representative that I have ever seen inside a New York place of amusement, showered the prima-donna with roses when she was on the stage and crowded her dressing-room to express individually what Mr. Godwin had so well expressed for them collectively. All of which our younger critics would have found duly recorded, had they consulted the files of their papers.

* * *

I SEE THAT *Book News* has adopted my suggestion to stick to the cover of its March number. At any rate, the April number has the same cover, so I suppose that it has come to stay. It is a good cover, and I shall be glad to see it every month.

to be opened to the public on the Sabbath day. The Directors of the South Kensington Museum are not quite sure that they have done right in making this concession, so they make it provisionally. If they are not satisfied with the way the new order of things works, they can withdraw the privilege at a moment's notice. I think, however, they will find, as the Directors of the Metropolitan Museum did, that it is a very good thing to have done. Heretofore the only places open to the public in London on Sundays were the churches and the bar-rooms. To be sure, the latter were not open all day, but that their opening was the one opportunity for a large portion of the community to amuse itself on Sunday was proved by the crowds that filled the sidewalk waiting for the doors to be opened. I think that if there had been anything else for these people to do, they would have been glad enough to do it. You have only to go on the Continent and see the laboring men and women with their babies in their arms and clinging to their skirts, to be satisfied that the poor of great cities welcome the opportunity for some other form of Sunday amusement than drink.

* * *

IT IS OFTEN said that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. This may be true, but sometimes I think that it applies with equal truth to Englishmen. I find the following in the London *Literary World*, apropos of a paragraph of mine in this column:—

"Mr. Gladstone's refusal to write for *The Cosmopolitan*, even at the rate of a dollar a word, may result in trouble, and goodness knows we have sufficient causes of quarrel open already. *The Critic* somewhat threateningly asks: 'What has Mr. Gladstone got against *The Cosmopolitan*?' We hope the veteran *littérateur* will reconsider his decision." I wrote banteringly, and thought my little joke, if it was a joke, was on *The Cosmopolitan*. But it now seems that it was not a joke, but a threat to Mr. Gladstone!

* * *

I HAVE OFTEN SAID in this column that, if I could choose my profession and had my life to live over again, I would be a successful novelist. So I would if I consulted my tastes, but if I was going in for money-making, I should certainly be a successful vaudeville performer—that is, if I possessed the slightest bit of "eccentric talent." There is no professional class that is paid anything like the prices paid to the vaudeville performer. You may quote the opera singer as getting more pay, and you are right, but you forget that an opera singer gives a whole evening of hard and exhausting work to earn his salary, while the possessor of "eccentric talent" gives something less than fifteen minutes. The pay of the latter runs from \$1500 to \$4000 per week. Not only do men and women who possess "eccentric talent" get large pay, but equally large pay is given to animals that are gifted in this way. I understand that "Mr. Proctor has signed a contract with his elephants, by which he agrees to pay them \$25,000 for the season." Now, is this not better than literature for pecuniary rewards? What author, I should like to know, earns \$25,000 in six months by the work of his pen? There is a rumor that Mark Twain has been paid \$50,000 for a new book, but, even so, might it not be said that Mark Twain is in a high degree the possessor of "eccentric talent"?

* * *

THE MOST RECENT RAID on Central Park is so preposterous on its face that one might think it hardly worth while to notice it; but sad experience with our legislators has taught us that no proposition can be too infamous or absurd to receive their serious consideration. The bill we have to fight one day is a purely partisan measure, "jammed through" by a party vote; the day after, it is a non-political proposition, aimed at a class, and supported by the professional "strikers" on both sides of the House. In the present instance the bill introduced by Senator Coggeshall—a nondescript politician from somewhere up the State—is aimed, not at a party, nor at a class, but at the people of New York City as a whole. This is fortunate; for while those of our legislators who spend the winter at Albany for what they can get out of it are always ready to take advantage of the opposite party, or of any single class of citizens, they have a wholesome dread of making enemies of the whole community, and Central Park is less the playground of the rich than of the poor. It was not Murray Hill, but the East Side, that scared these worthies out of their wits four years ago this month, when a speedway in the Park became a legislative fact before the public knew it had even been proposed. The opposition to the race-track was as spontaneous and intense as a flash of lightning, and as blinding and staggering in

its effects. But it was nothing to the cyclone of popular wrath the present measure will encounter, if it be not immediately withdrawn, or voted out of sight.

* * *

IT MAY BE some gratification to Prof. Brander Matthews to know that the London *Queen* has just completed a serial novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, an American, and that *The Illustrated London News*, having recently finished one by Mr. W. D. Howells, an American, has just begun another by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, also an American. If Prof. Matthews objects that Mr. Crawford is half an Italian, he must admit that Mr. Stockton and Mr. Howells are good enough Americans to make up for the deficiencies of the other in that respect. It must also be put to the credit of England that Mr. Clement Shorter was one of the very first editors, either at home or abroad, to publish the stories of Mr. Stephen Crane. So, little by little, England is coming to acknowledge that there is something in the way of literature in America that is worthy the attention of her editors.

* * *

TO HERR KARL W. HIERSEMANN, "publisher and international bookseller," at Königsstrasse 2, Leipzig, Germany, I give the gratuitous advertisement of a quotation from his prettily rubricated catalogue. The paragraph selected is headed "Visitors Respectfully Invited."

"Since some Amateurs are in the habit of making purchases only after autopsy, I would respectfully solicit visits to our pleasant town which is of high interest to every scientific man and distant from London for instance a railway ride of 24 hours only."

Upon whom the autopsy is to be performed does not clearly appear.

* * *

NOW THAT JOHN STETSON is dead, I don't know to whom theatrical folk will attribute all their stories illustrating hopeless ignorance. For many years every story that has been told in the profession, having ignorance as its point, has been put on his lips. Sayings that were old before he was born have been attributed to him. He was a coarse, illiterate man, and doubtless made many blunders of speech, but no man could have made as many as he is credited with. It is said that one day a wag in his company called his attention to a sign in front of his theatre. "I say, Stetson," he exclaimed, "just see what some fool of a printer has done. He's got two *p's* in *opposite*." "He has, has he?" said Stetson, "I'll soon have that painted out. No man's going to make me ridiculous in my own theatre. Here, you Murphy, what do you mean by letting them get two *p's* in *opposite*? Have one of them painted out, and be quick about it." And it was done.

* * *

THERE IS ON exhibition just now in the show-window of Mr. Theodore B. Starr a model of the Hahnemann monument, to be erected at Washington. I do not know who is responsible for the Latin inscriptions, but some one should remind him, whoever he is, that the homœopathic device is not "Similia Similibus Curentur."

* * *

I DO NOT THINK that I am particularly squeamish, yet I must confess that I am somewhat puzzled by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "list of French novels which can be freely issued to young people." Most of the books he enumerates are unexceptionable, but the objectionable minority includes "Monte-Cristo" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires"—Lady de Winter and Kitty her chambermaid and all,—Bourget's "Terre Promise"; and "of Cherbuliez 'Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme,' and that very remarkable book, 'Les Rois en Exil.'" The latter is by Alphonse Daudet, so far as I know, but even Jupiter may nod, not to speak of Col. Higginson. Ohnet's books, of which he includes three in his list, seem to me all of the same quality—unhealthy in sentiment, and exactly what "young people" do not want. The same may be said of Mme. Gréville, who, for some reason or other, is considered the French writer for the young *par excellence*. Daudet's Tartarin series is too delicate a masterpiece of humor to be given to the young. And, by the way, Col. Higginson does not tell us what is his conception of "young people." It seems to me, however, that young people who are old enough to read "Les Trois Mousquetaires" and "Monte-Cristo," are old enough to read Balzac's works. Therefore it all depends upon Col. Higginson's definition of "young people." The fact that his list appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, by the way, makes me suspect that it is primarily intended for young girls.

London Letter

TWO OR THREE weeks ago I mentioned in these letters the serious illness of Mr. James Ashcroft Noble; and it is now my painful task to record his death. He died on Good Friday—a week ago to-day,—laying down the burden of a short, but troubled life with quietness and confidence. He was but fifty-one years old, but his life had been a pilgrimage of pain: he had known little of health and energy, and no more of the consolations of success. Outside the circle of those immediately interested in letters, his name was scarcely known; his published volumes had no popular vogue, and much of his best and most thoughtful work was dedicated to the unthankful Muse of journalism. Yet he was a true laborer, and a true man. It was not my privilege to meet him more than once or twice, but many of his friends are friends of mine, and it is easy to believe them when they say that the spirit of his work was of the essence of the man. He loved literature for its own sake, and his sympathy with honest effort was supreme. Many a literary beginner cherishes a helpful letter from his pen; and what he wrote in private he was not afraid to repeat in print. His criticism was always human and stimulating; he tried to see the good, and not the bad, in all the work he judged. So far as is possible to one born into the saturnalia of modern literary life, he was, moreover, unbiased by personal animosities. Living a little out of London, he lived also outside its cliques; and, in a temporary sense, he paid the penalty of his isolation. Men have made noisy successes out of work less commendable than Noble's; but he never strove to set the machinery of success in motion. He belonged to no body of mercenaries sworn to the praise of one another's productions. He did not come bearing gifts to the critics, nor silencing the contrary opinion by diplomatic servility. He only did his work, and did it honestly; and this is not the way to succeed before the popular gaze. And so his course lay along the *fallentis semita vite*, and his memory, perhaps, will not be very tenaciously preserved.

Yet his was the true kind of criticism: human and sincere. Of course, it erred: erred very often in benignity, saw a swan in many a goose, and was over-ready to believe well of youth and promise. It never erred, however, in honesty: it spoke the thing it believed. And so it lacked conspicuousness; having neither the paradoxical self-assertiveness of one school, nor the naked venality of another. It was not smart, and it was not vindictive, and these qualities bulk largest in the public eye. But its gentle helpfulness will be remembered by many whom it early encouraged, like a sweet savor of spring wafted across a city thoroughfare. And of such is the Kingdom of Literature.

It is indeed a fact that Sir George Newnes is to publish a new daily paper; and the first number will probably be ready by the end of next week. As I mentioned last week, Mr. Earl Hodgson will be the editor-in-chief; but he is also to be assisted by a first-rate, practical journalist in the person of Mr. L. F. Austin. Mr. Austin, who writes with a light and lively pen, is one of Mr. Shorter's staff at *The Illustrated London News*, and contributes columns without number to the weekly press, which he continues to make uncommonly sparkling. He will, I believe, have charge of the literary side of the paper, Mr. Hodgson undertaking the social affairs. The paper will be about the size of *The St. James's Gazette*, and it is intended to give twenty pages for a penny. The print is large and leaded, and the paragraph will be plentifully employed. It is to be a morning journal, and, as I said last week, will appeal principally to women. There will be illustrations and, presumably, fiction. The name is still a profound secret.

Mr. Tree's new theatre, which is to be built upon the site of Her Majesty's in the Haymarket, promises to be of unusual splendor. It will contain a restaurant, residential chambers, and small shops under the portico, and will be considerably the largest theatre in London. Mr. Tree has been somewhat annoyed by paragraphs in the daily papers, asserting that he is only the lessee of the house, which is being built for him by a company. As a matter of fact, he is building the theatre upon his own responsibility, and will be the sole owner of the "block." I believe it is an open secret that Mr. Tree has prospered to much better purpose since he became associated with his present acting-manager, Mr. FitzRoy Gardner, who has done wonderfully well for him. Mr. Gardner, who is one of the proprietors of that successful little weekly, *Woman*, has in his time played many parts as journalist, editor, publisher and the like, and is a thoroughgoing man of business. He is responsible for much of the success which has attended the Haymarket during the last twelve months.

The threatened eruption in the Authors' Society has proved a mere flash in the pan. After all the rumors of revolution and

clamors for a fresh directorate, it seems that no one has had the courage to come forward and suggest a single name to the committee. Therefore, everything will remain as it was, except that *The Author* is to be considerably improved, and the Secretary, Mr. G. Herbert Thring, will start in its pages a series of reminiscences of "dishonest or tricky publishers," exemplified by an array of reprehensible agreements. Mr. W. H. Wilkins appears to have vanished into thin air; and Mr. Rider Haggard sits firmly upon his throne, untroubled by mutiny. It is pleasant to be able to report peace in a society where union is the very essence of strength.

I see that the New York correspondent of *The Author* announces that *The Chap-Book* of Chicago is to be published here in England by Mr. John Lane—a step that has been frequently threatened during the last six months, but without further result. It would be an interesting experiment, and might enliven things among the minor poets; for Mr. Stone's paragraphs were wont to be piquant. But how is Mr. John Lane to be the self-respecting publisher of a paper that has always reserved the daintiest of its contempt for the *clientèle* of the Bodley Head? Presumably, there will be a London editor, armed with a blue pencil, and authorized to delete. Moreover, in a land where Mr. Hamlin Garland is not the sole exponent of literature, it is probable that the perpetual parade of that well-meaning "fictionist" will need the pruning-knife. All this, however, is within the power of Mr. Lane's little "nest-of-singing-birds," who should annex the notes to their own glorification, and have a merry time of it altogether. The arrangements only need completion.

LONDON, 11 April 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

THINGS ARE DONE RAPIDLY here in the West, and it is perhaps never safe to announce a decision unfavorable to the city as irrevocable. I should have had more confidence in our own rapacity than to have said so definitely last week that the publishing business of Stone & Kimball, together with *The Chap-Book*, was to be transferred to New York. But the authority of the members of the firm themselves seemed to give ample warrant for such a statement. Part of it is still true, for Mr. Kimball has control of the publishing business and the firm name, and his headquarters will be in New York. But *The Chap-Book* is to remain in Chicago after all. After some rapid negotiations, Mr. Herbert Stone managed to regain possession of the little periodical, of which he has always been the animating spirit. It will continue on the old lines, Mr. Stone and Mr. Rhodes being its editors; and the city is holding up its head again as a literary centre. Especially as the proprietor is ambitious to give the magazine a high standing among distinctively literary periodicals.

The eighth annual spring exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists is now open at the Art Institute, but, though it has been kept down to less than 100 pictures, it might with advantage have been made smaller still. There are enough good things, however, to make the prizes just rewards of merit. Mr. Jules Guerin, who is decidedly the most talented painter here, received the first Yerkes prize (\$300), for the best figure composition in oils, and the Wilson L. Mead prize of \$100 for the best water-color. The second Yerkes prize (\$200), for a landscape, went to C. E. Boutwood's "Rain and Tide." Mr. Guerin's work in these pictures is admirable; it shows comprehension and feeling as well as signal originality in choice of subject and in the handling of pigments. He takes the most direct and simple means of saying what he wishes to say, and his work has no affectation nor sentimentality. His "Hauling the Log" is a remarkable expression of the life and atmosphere of Holland. Mr. Theodore Robinson is the only eastern painter who contributes to this exhibition, and his six pictures are delightful. Henry Muhrmann sends three little pastels, which are singularly deep and rich in color. In addition to his landscapes, Mr. Boutwood sends a study of "Veterans," somewhat too cautious in the handling, and a good portrait of a young girl, very frankly observed, and painted with no subtleties of expression. The violets and blues of Mr. Vanderpoel's "Ready for the Question" have a certain charm, though they seem a trifle thin, as though the painter did not altogether believe in them. His "Fair Critic" is not attractive in subject and lacks simplicity. Svend Svendsen is clever, but he, too, seems to have imbibed impressionistic doctrines without quite understanding them. He secures some charming effects of color, however, and with more careful study of nature may be heard from. Blanche Dougan Cole's "First Communion" is a clever and attractive piece of work, and

A. K. Buehr sends a well-conceived portrait. Osborn, Olsen, Wendt and Wilson are also interesting.

In another part of the building is hung the annual exhibition of the Chicago Architectural Club. It is much the best that the Club has ever given. Columbia College, the Sketch Club of New York, the Cleveland, St. Louis and Detroit Architectural Clubs, the T Square Club of Philadelphia, and the University of Pennsylvania all send extensive exhibits. Among the architects from other cities who exhibit are Carrère & Hastings, who give a good idea of their charming grace and delicacy; Ernest Flagg, whose work is more pretentious than beautiful; Wilson Eyre, Jr.; and J. A. Schweinfurth, whose residences have the true Boston dignity and repose. In this city the most interesting work comes from Pond & Pond, Lawrence Buck, Arthur Henn, Charles S. Frost, Robert C. Spencer, Jr., George W. Maher, and Patton & Fisher. There is some decorative work, including Tiffany's florid designs for the G. A. R. rooms in the Public Library, and some clever sketch models for a fountain and a soldiers' monument, by Richard Walter Bock. Elihu Vedder's panels for the Congressional Library, recently shown in New York, are also here, most skilfully composed, but very curious in coloring.

The seventh annual exhibition of water-colors and pastels by American artists opened last Thursday at the Art Institute. The collection is a good one, but it is so crowded in the three rooms that it would have been wiser to weed it out. F. H. Lungren, Charles Warren Eaton, Walter Launt Palmer and Thomas P. Anshutz have sent groups of their works—a satisfactory arrangement, as it enables one to judge of their range and capacity. Lungren is the most virile and original exhibitor. His work has individuality; he has explored unfamiliar and eminently picturesque regions, but, aside from that, he has observed and thought. He has studied life on the southwestern plains from the inside, so that he understands the peculiarities of its color and atmosphere as well as the hardships of the people. The strange clearness of the air over the mesquite bushes is known to him, the sharp stratification of color it sometimes produces, the delicate flooding of a landscape with a single color by the sunlight, and the deep, rich contrasts which are the result of other conditions of light and air. The vivid and terrible "Thirst," which was shown in New York, is here; so, also, are "Silence," "Trail on the High Place" and, in a very different vein, the lovely vision of river and city lights "From a Bridge." Mr. Eaton's ten pictures are variations upon his winter theme, always carefully studied and sometimes very lovely. He always stops, however, short of the heights. Mr. Palmer's group is mainly Venetian, and his method, as a rule, is rather hard and exact for Venice. Mr. Anshutz is dexterous in his handling and shows some charming effects of light. Mr. Henry C. White of Hartford sends five small studies in pastel of water, which not only show much originality in manipulation, but suggest the wind and the wide expanse of unending sea. There are charming studies of city life by Childe Hassam, and clever poster-like effects by Sergeant Kendall. Leslie Cauldwell's "Lazy Little Girl" is a clever and charming study of the nude. Rosina Emmet Sherwood has portrayed in skilful fashion a fascinating damsel of the olden time, and Frederick W. Freer's "Ethna" has also a sweet and simple charm. There is true feeling in the sketch of a Normandy mother and child by the late Theodore Robinson, whose beautiful "Winter Day in Vermont" is also here. Miss Mary Hallowell has a piquant sketch of a girl in a gay gown, and Miss McChesney a vigorous and sober drawing of an old woman, called "The Gleaner." Some little landscapes by a new man, Frank Wadsworth, of this city, show feeling and a nice sense of color.

At O'Brien's the collection of spirited etchings by Charles F. W. Mielatz, which was shown at Williams's in New York, is now hung. And at Keppel's is the fascinating work of that eccentric and original genius, Arthur B. Davies.

It is not strange that the subscription method of booking seats far in advance of the performances, which Mme. Duse's manager tried here, was a failure. It was foreign to our customs, and few people realized that her coming was conditional upon its success. There was no animosity towards her, merely a misunderstanding of the conditions. If Mme. Duse had come here without such a preliminary, she would undoubtedly have received the success she so abundantly deserves. When she came here a few years ago, she was unknown and unheralded, and it takes time even for genius like hers to make itself felt. Even then her audiences were not meagre, and they were certainly absorbed. Now she would find a warm and appreciative welcome. But we lose more than she, alas! for there is only one Duse.

CHICAGO, 31 April 1896.

LUCY MONROE.

President Cleveland on Shakespeare

THE THIRTY-SECOND annual Shakespeare commemoration of the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club was held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, England, on April 21. About 300 guests were present, among them being Ambassador and Mrs. Bayard. George W. Parker, the American Consul and President of the Club, occupied the chair. A letter was read by Mr. Parker from President Cleveland, acknowledging an invitation to attend the celebration. Mr. Cleveland said:—

"Everything that tends to keep alive the memory of Shakespeare and preserves a proper appreciation of his work challenges my earnest interest and approval, and, though I cannot be with you on the occasion you contemplate, I am glad to know that our American people will be prominently represented. There is much said and written in these days concerning the relations that should exist, bound close by the strongest ties, between the English-speaking peoples, and concerning the high destiny that awaits them in concerted effort. I hope we shall never know the time when these ennobling sentiments will be less often expressed or in the least lose their potency and influence. Surely, if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted international mission, we do well to honor fittingly the name and memory of William Shakespeare."

Activity in the Copyright League

AT A MEETING of the Executive Council of the American Copyright League held on April 2, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"Resolved, that in view of the present renewal in copyright legislation and of recent attacks on the principle of international copyright, and in view of the desirability of providing at an early session of Congress for a copyright commission to consider the general subject of copyright law, the Treasurer is directed to resume the collection of dues, suspended after the passage of the Act of 1891, and the Secretary is authorized to take steps to increase the membership of the League."

The Council also adopted resolutions (1) favoring the creation of a copyright office as provided in the separate bills now pending before Congress; (2) approving the bill offered by Mr. Cummings, in behalf of American dramatists, providing more adequate means for the enforcement of dramatic copyright, and (3) declaring its opposition to further limitation of the principle of international copyright by any extension of the manufacturing clause.

The last resolution is a forerunner of a vigorous opposition by the League to the Treloar bill, the starting-point of which is the desire of certain American music publishers to have the condition of manufacture in this country extended to musical publications. At least four of the musical publishing firms of the United States are opposed to this movement, which is likely to meet also the unanimous opposition of composers and musicians, as is indicated by the following resolution unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Manuscript Society of New York, held on April 1:—

"Resolved, by the Board of Directors of the Manuscript Society, representing the body of the musical composers of the United States, that we regard the introduction into the present copyright law of the manufacture of music in the United States as a condition of copyright security, as not only wrong in principle, but as a return, in great measure, to the disgraceful and dishonest condition of affairs which obtained prior to the passage of the law of 1891. We recognize in that law the principle of equity extended to the brain-workers in the art of music which has never been denied to the inventor, and under the operation of that law American composers, freed from the ruinous competition with unpaid reprints of foreign music, have taken on a new activity."

"A manufacturing condition would, to a large extent, undo what has been gained, and it would operate to enrich a few publishers at the expense of the rights of composers here and abroad. The manufacture clause of the present copyright law took away nothing that the producer already had, but were it extended to music, it would be a positive curtailment of producers' rights, and thus would be a backward step in civilization, which would endanger the rights now enjoyed by all American intellectual producers in many countries of Europe as the result of the present law."

"For these reasons we unanimously oppose the Treloar bill."

GEORGE F. BRISTOW, }
HOMER N. BARTLETT, } Committee.
SILAS G. PRATT, }
GERRIT SMITH, President,
J. HAZARD WILSON, Recording Secy.

The Latest Raid on Central Park

AN OPEN LETTER TO STATE SENATOR COGGESHALL

DEAR SIR:—I observe that you have introduced in the New York Senate a bill presenting to Messrs. M. L. Boyer, V. A. Boyer, A. L. Fisher and associates a hundred acres of land in Central Park, to be used permanently for exhibition purposes. You are quoted as saying that you do not know these gentlemen, but have introduced the bill, and mean to push it, merely because they have asked you to do so. Yet you propose to confer upon them rights, powers and privileges which "shall not be controlled, limited or restricted by any existing statute or law of this state."

Would it not be well, before giving to strangers public property worth \$100,000,000 or so, to learn whether they are honest men or not? Suppose they should prove to be adventurers: would you be pleased at having robbed the people to enrich them? Would a share in the profits compensate for the wrong you would have done? I cannot believe it. Human nature is low, however, and the temptation to pocket a million is not always easy to resist. If you *should* be going in for public plunder, I would suggest that you do it on a larger scale. Why not take *all* of Central Park, instead of a paltry hundred acres? Then turn the Forty-second Street Reservoir into a natatorium, Madison Square into a bicycle course and Union Square into a beer-garden and bowling-alley. There is a nice bit of ground at the Battery, too, with a bracing salt breeze to temper the freshness of rural legislators strolling down from a call at 49 Broadway. While you are about it you might as well take that—or so much of it as the elevated road has left. Always aim at a good deal more than you want, or at least than you expect to get. If you ask for only \$100,000,000 worth of land, you may get only half as much—possibly even less. And what is the good of being a professional politician—especially a politician without a party—if something substantial is not to be got out of it?

"Little I ask, my wants are few." You do not know the poem. It is one of Dr. Holmes's, and tells about a man who wanted the earth, yet proclaimed and possibly believed himself to be the soul of modesty and moderation. You, on the other hand, have perhaps had some misgivings about asking for a miserable hundred millions! Brace up, Senator! The Legislature is about to adjourn, you know, and your support of the "greater New York" grab ought to be worth something pretty to the Broadway expressman who "jams" legislation one day and his thumb the next. But don't tell him I told you so.

Yours, with profound respect,

J. B. G.

William Matthews

MR. WILLIAM MATTHEWS, whose death on April 15 we announced last week, was probably the best and best-known authority on bookbinding in this country. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, 29 March 1822, and served his apprenticeship in London, where he was employed in one of the largest binderies at the time of the great strike of 1841, which destroyed England's supremacy in the art and trade, and transferred it to France. Mr. Matthews remained faithful to his employers, the consequence being that he was transferred from one department to another as the exigencies of the occasion demanded, gaining thereby a thorough knowledge of every detail of the craft. In Dec. 1843, Mr. Matthews came to New York, and established a bindery of his own in 1846. At the exhibition of 1854 in this city, his work won the first prize. In the same year began his connection with the house of D. Appleton & Co., which lasted, as stated last week, until 1890.

In his veneration for, and knowledge of, his craft, Mr. Matthews resembled the guild masters of mediæval times. He was an authority on the history of bookbinding as well as on its practical and artistic aspects, and specimens of his work are among the treasures in many a private library. He wrote constantly on the subject in periodical publications, and his book thereon was published by the Grolier Club, of which he was one of the earliest members. He believed in soberness of decoration, befitting that which was case or cover, but through that very fact attained exquisite effects. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons—William, the head of the bindery of the American Book Co., and Alfred, the head of the bindery of the Appleton Manufacturing Co. For many years Mr. Matthews was senior warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Flatbush, and a prominent member of the Church Charity Foundation Society of Long Island. He was an originator and for six years the President of the Flatbush Water Works Co., a

founder of the Midwood Club, and a member of the Hamilton Club. He was conspicuous in the life of Flatbush and Brooklyn as a public-spirited and active citizen.

His death was caused by internal injuries received some three months ago, when he was run down by a bicyclist and heavily thrown.

Bessie Costrell in Real Life

THE LOUNGER expressed a desire, last week, to know the particulars of the robbery of an old man's savings in England, which so closely resembled "The Story of Bessie Costrell." A reader of *The Critic* has sent us a clipping from the London *Times* of April 8, which shows that the real story is almost identical with Mrs. Ward's novelette:—

"At the Oxfordshire Quarter Sessions, yesterday, Sir William Anson in the chair, a case was heard which lasted some hours and involved the evidence of twenty witnesses, which in many respects resembled the story told in Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest book. Mr. J. W. McCarthy and Mr. T. Mordaunt Snagge were counsel for the prosecution, and Mr. Cecil Walsh for the defence. The accused, a married woman named Lucy Clack, forty-three years of age, was charged with stealing 120*l.* from Frederick Whipp. Whipp is a farm labourer, nearly eighty years of age, residing in the village of Clanfield, near Bampton, in Oxfordshire, and the accused lived with her husband and family in the same village. Whipp appears to have been a very saving man all his life, and early last year he had accumulated 120*l.*, which he kept in sovereigns hidden in a little box in the bedroom of his cottage. He had never put the money in a bank, for, as he said, he had no education and knew nothing of banks, nor did he know anything of bank-notes, having never, he said, had one in his hand. He always carried about with him the key of the box. On Nov. 13 last his wife died, having been nursed by the accused for some time prior to her death, and it is suggested that she then acquired knowledge of Whipp's little hoard. On Jan. 1, when the husband of the accused drew a small pension, Whipp was invited to their house and there drank some beer. When about to return, shortly before or after midnight, to his own cottage, the woman offered to accompany him, and in spite of his objections did so, going as far as his bedroom and seeing him into bed. It was suggested that as soon as the old man was asleep she returned to the bedroom, got the key from his pocket, and stole all the money. During January and the early part of February it was proved that she spent or changed in the village and the neighbourhood over 50*l.*, wholly in sovereigns, although prior to that time she was in debt to most of the local tradesmen. On Feb. 9, owing to rumours he heard in the village, Whipp went home and examined his box and found the money gone, whereupon he communicated with the police. In the house of the accused nearly 40*l.* in sovereigns was found hidden, part of it being a packet of twenty sovereigns. On being arrested the accused stated that she had found the money in the house behind a wainscoting. No witnesses were called for the defence. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and she was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment with hard labor. A curious incident disclosed during the case was that Whipp was robbed about twenty-five years ago of 46*l.* by tramps, who were never captured.

"The Burial of Sir John Moore"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of April 4, p. 232, a notice of "Choice English Lyrics," selected and arranged by Mr. James Baldwin, makes the following statement:—"The work is generally well done, but we note occasional lack of care in verifying the text of the poems. In 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' for instance, we find the familiar corruption:—

'And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.'

"Another incorrect form is this:—

'And we knew by the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.'

"Wolfe's manuscript reads thus:—

'And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy suddenly firing.'

"*Sullenly*, which was probably a misprint at first, is nonsensical, but it is found in nine out of ten of the anthologies."

In a letter to John Taylor, Esq., Wolfe gave a copy of the poem. An engraved facsimile of this letter is in the Chamber-

lain Collection of Autographs in the Boston Public Library. The last two lines of the seventh stanza read thus:—

"And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing."

I do not see how the authenticity of this facsimile can well be doubted. Though unaccustomed to offer opinion on poetical matters, I find that the word "sullenly" conveys to me an accurate impression of distant and monotonous cannonading. Let me acknowledge the kindness of Judge Chamberlain in discovering to me this interesting facsimile.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, 11 April 1896. LINDSAY SWIFT.

[Some years ago I had occasion to look up the "various readings" of Wolfe's poem, and to examine the authorities for them. The only one bearing upon this word (*suddenly* or *sullenly*) which I can refer to at this moment is the "English Verse," edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard (Scribner, 1883), in the volume of which giving "Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century" I find the following note:—"In the last stanza but one *sullenly* is generally misprinted for *suddenly*. Wolfe's manuscript has *suddenly*; and in the account in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* (which suggested the poem) we find it stated that the burial 'was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was heard,'—a renewed attack feared." If *sullenly* was really Wolfe's word, a certain meaning can be imagined for it, though forced and improbable. *Suddenly*, on the other hand, is in keeping with the context and with the quotation given by Linton and Stoddard. If *suddenly* is actually found in any manuscript of the author, that fact should settle the question; and then *sullenly* in the other manuscript, if not a misreading, must be regarded as one of those curious instances of *heterography* (as we may call it, after the analogy of Grant White's *heterophemy*), or inadvertently writing something different from what one intends to write, which now and then occurs in almost everybody's experience. I may add that engraved facsimiles of manuscripts are not always absolutely accurate.—THE REVIEWER. Mr. Stoddard sends us word that "of course it is *sullenly*," and that he "does not know how the wrong word crept in, as Mr. Linton's handwriting was remarkably legible."—EDS. CRITIC.]

Mr. Kidd on the Woman Movement

(From an interview, by Percival, in *The New Age*)

"What do you think of the modern woman's movement?"

"The movement towards what is called the emancipation of women is merely a part of the general altruistic movement which is taking part in our civilisation. It has its motive force in the fund of altruistic feeling which is behind all the great onward movements. It is in the main a healthy social movement, and must not be judged by what a good many of the writers on the opposite side say about it. I would advise anybody who distrusts it to read the series of remarks on the subject from leading women connected with the movement which appeared in a recent number of *The Idler*. I think they put the case in a very fair light. Nothing could be saner, more healthy, or more sensible, than the views and opinions expressed by the majority of the writers."

"You think the movement is an element for good in social progress?"

"Like every movement of the kind, there is good and evil in it. Anything which tends to interfere detrimentally with woman's place as wife and mother must react injuriously on the community in the long run. On the other hand, one of the most important of the results which is likely to be achieved by the movement is the improvement in the tone of public opinion as regards sexual morality. There is no doubt that the position of women under an earlier organization of society has had a great deal to do with the formation of that moral standard according to which there is one law for the woman and another for the man, and according to which—as Thomas Hardy, I think, expresses it—"it is always the woman who pays." I think that several recent novels, whatever their faults, have, on the whole, a powerful influence for good, and tend to correct these standards. Women are becoming educated up to their responsibilities, and when men come to know that women expect from them as a matter of course just the same standard of conduct as men expect from women, it will eventually mean an influence working almost exclusively for good."

"Would you open all vocations to women?"

"The restrictions placed on women by nature are so obvious and so generally admitted by women themselves, that any artificial restrictions are out of place and uncalled for."

"What do you think is the tendency of modern literature?"

"On the whole I think it is good. The tendency towards scrappiness and sensationalism is only the natural result of a period when, for the first time in our history, the lower masses of the people have begun to read anything. The food provided for their mental palates is, however, suited to their wants, which will doubtless improve as time goes on."

Incidentally speaking of pessimism, Mr. Kidd said that you always find it amongst the upper classes, because, as a matter of fact, the springs of vitality in society are to be found elsewhere.

The Fine Arts

A Book-plate for the Authors Club

THE AWARD of the Mead prize for the best book-plate design for the use of the Authors Club was governed chiefly by the practical consideration of the effect of reduction to the proper size on three of the most appropriate designs submitted. Two of these showed young women of the poster type, reading; the third, a mediæval author, writing. The latter took the prize, not only because of its greater significance, but also because it was more boldly drawn and stood the necessary reduction better. The best drawing submitted, one of an undraped Muse reading, was so highly finished that, to do it justice, it would have had to be engraved of the full size, in which case it would serve as book-plate in no volume of less size than a folio. Several of the competitors perpetrated pictorial jokes on the printer's devil. The private book-plates of some of the members of the Club were also on exhibition. Mr. Mead, the giver of the prize, is the author of a book on "Horsemanship for Women."

Art Notes

THE NUMBER of American artists exhibiting at this year's Salon du Champ de Mars, which was opened on Apr. 23, greatly exceeds that of last year. Mr. John W. Alexander exhibits a life-size portrait of a woman, in pink and black, standing; Mr. Alexander Harrison has some marines; Mr. Eanger Irving Couse of East Saginaw, Mich., shows a picture of a seacoast village, an interior study, "Maternity," and a late afternoon effect of a roadway landscape. Mr. Howard Gardiner Cushing of Boston exhibits three portraits in oil, and four in crayons, mostly of women; Mr. Edward E. Ertz of Chicago is represented by "A Souvenir of Rossetti," a girl with golden hair against a dark green background, and a landscape, "The Last Day of Sunshine." Mr. Albery Humphreys of Cincinnati exhibits "La Veuve," an elderly woman in a Brittany church; Mr. Frank Holman of Attleboro, Mass., has a study of a girl with chrysanthemums, and two Venetian scenes; "L'Appel," by Mr. Albert P. Lucas of New York, is a picture of two nymphs on the bank of a woodland stream, and is said to be the most important picture this artist has done thus far. Mr. Frederick Dana Marsh of Chicago exhibits a decorative composition, "Fantaisie," representing a group of six women; Mr. Herman Dudley Murphy of Boston has a portrait of H. O. Tanner, the artist, a study of "A Venetian Girl" and a head of a young woman; Mr. Henry Stanley Todd of St. Louis, a portrait of Miss McGrew of that city; Mr. Clinton Peters of Baltimore, a portrait of his wife; Miss Clara E. Sockett of Westfield, N. Y., a pastel portrait of a twelve-year-old girl, Louise Chévrier. Andrew K. Womrath of Philadelphia has a number of drawings and book-plate designs; and Mr. J. Paradis of Canada a series of drawings, including "A Vision" (from Poe's "Premature Burial") and "The Black Cat," from the same source.

—The most important portrait at the forthcoming exhibitions in London will be that of Mr. Chamberlain, painted by Mr. Sargent. The annual Guildhall exhibition, which was opened on April 20, consists of a loan collection of water-colors, among them being works by Whistler, Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones and Turner.

—A free exhibition of posters (chiefly foreign), from the collection of Mr. Gustave P. Fresnel of New York, will be held in the art-galleries of the Bridgeport, Conn., Public Library on May 15–June 6.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has authorized the Trustees of the Carnegie Art-Gallery at Pittsburgh to offer \$8000 in prizes for the best two oil-paintings by American artists, the pictures to become the property of the Fine Arts Museum. The Trustees have announced prizes of \$5000 and \$3000 respectively, the pictures in competition to be shown at an exhibition to be held in the Galleries for five weeks beginning Nov. 3.

—In *McClure's* for May, Will H. Low will give a study of Jean François Millet and his works. The paper will contain many reproductions of paintings by Millet.

—The sale of the collection of old and modern engravings formed by the late Edmund Law Rogers of Baltimore was completed in Philadelphia on April 16. The collection contained examples, in the best possible condition, of Rembrandt, Dürer, Marc Antonio, Goltzius, Van Leyden, Strange, Sharp, Wille, Muller, Bartolozzi, Longhi, Drevet, Edelinck, Bervic, Botswert, Browne, Desnoyers, Houbraken, Mandel, Morghen, Nanteuil and Woollett. The prices realized were only fair, among the best being \$350 for Rembrandt's "Christ Healing the Sick" and \$250 for a fine impression of his "Ecce Homo." The collection, which it took fifty years and \$80,000 to make, brought about \$14,000 at the sale.

—The Artists' Fund Society of the City of New York held its annual meeting and dinner on April 21. The Society was organized in 1859 and incorporated in 1861.

Educational Notes

BANARD COLLEGE is in great need of money—more so than it will probably ever be again. This is a critical period in its history. It must raise \$65,000 within a week, or run the risk of losing a \$100,000 building which was promised to the Trustees, if they could get a site free from all mortgage by May 1. Here is an opportunity for some generous person or persons to do a great work.

On April 16 Mayor Strong listened to addresses by a number of prominent advocates of the Pavey-Page school bill, among them being delegates of the Public Education Association, Messrs. Elihu Root and the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt of the Citizens' Committee on Public School Reform, Joseph Larocque, Stephen H. Olin, E. Ellery Anderson, Mrs. E. Alma Rainsford, Mrs. Willard Parker, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer and Miss Marshall. The Board of Education, by the way, is actively engaged in trying to remove Mr. James B. Reynolds from his position as Trustee of common schools for the Tenth Ward. He has taken an active part in the discussion of educational reform.

The alumni and friends of the General Theological Seminary propose to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Very Rev. Dr. Eugene A. Hoffman's connection with the institution, by the erection, in the Dean's honor, of a building in Chelsea Square, to contain a gymnasium and dining-hall for the students. Of the required \$100,000, one-fourth has already been promised.

The Schoolmasters' Association of New York and neighborhood had its ninth annual dinner in this city on April 17. Prof. Wilson Ferrand, the President of the Association, was in the chair, and President Seth Low was the guest of honor. Mr. Low spoke of the desirability of harmony between the schools and the colleges, and said that "the schools and colleges have common interests, and should come closer together. There should be a harmony of ideas between them." In speaking of the qualification of the president of a college, he said the first thing a college president should know is what he doesn't know. Another thing a college president should know is how to ride a bicycle. College presidents need exercise. "I am not joking," said Mr. Low, as someone present laughed; "I am serious. I know that some of you ride a wheel, because I have met you on the road. One professor told me I had done a good thing in riding a wheel, because a number of my professors had followed in my wheelsteps."

Founders' Day at the New York University (April 19) was not celebrated till the 22d, owing to the absence abroad of Chancellor MacCracken. The exercises were in the hands of the students, who furnished both the orator and the poet. The laying of the cornerstone of Residence Hall was a part of the ceremonies.

The following University preachers for the spring term have been appointed by President Schurman of Cornell:—April 12, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., New York, Episcopalian; April 19, the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., Montclair, N. J., Congregationalist; April 26, Bishop J. H. Vincent, S.T.D., LL.D., Buffalo, Methodist; May 3, the Rev. Charles H. Eaton, New York, Universalist; May 10, the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D., New York, Episcopalian; May 17, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Hartford, Conn., Congregationalist; May 24, the Rev. Robert Collyer, New York, Unitarian; May 31, Bishop E. R. Hendrix, Kansas City, Methodist; June 7, the Rev. H. M. Booth, D.D., Auburn Theological Seminary, Presbyterian; June 14, the Rev. T. Edwin Brown, D.D., Philadelphia (Baccalaureate).

Mr. Herbert Huntington Smith, the author of "Brazil, the Amazon and the Coast," has presented to Cornell University his collection of books on South America, consisting of about 700 volumes and 800 pamphlets. Three fourths of the latter, it is said, are not to be found in any library in this State.

Of the public libraries of this state reporting to the Regents in 1895 thirty were chartered by the Legislature, thirty-three were incorporated under general laws, seventy-four were chartered by the Regents, 518 belonged to chartered institutions or Regents' schools, fifty were college libraries, 409 were school libraries, 309 were free for lending and 407 received State aid in some form. There are 4,392,999 volumes in the libraries of the state, an increase of 259,621 in one year, and 541,054 in two years. The circulation of these books was 4,156,744 in 1895, an increase of 537,566 over 1894, and a gain of 1,020,142 over 1893.

The University of Edinburgh has conferred the degree of LL.D. on President F. A. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Prof. Peirce, who has been elected to the presidency of Kenyon College, is only twenty-eight years old. He is a graduate of Amherst, and went to Ohio State University in 1892, as substitute for the professor of psychology and pedagogy, the chair of philosophy and ethics being created for him shortly afterward.

It is announced that Lord Chief Justice Russell of England will probably make the principal address at the meeting of the American Bar Association in Saratoga, next August.

The Rev. Dr. George L. Perin of Boston has received a call to the presidency of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio. He is a graduate of St. Lawrence University, in this State. As a missionary to Japan he built a church in Tokio, founded several schools and was really the father of the Japan Universalist mission.

Austin Abbott, who died on April 19, was born in Boston, 18 Dec. 1831. He studied at the University of the City of New York, graduating in 1851. In the following year he was admitted to the bar in this city, beginning the practice of his profession with his brothers Vaughan, Lyman Abbott and Benjamin. In conjunction with the latter he began the publication of "Abbott's New York Digest" and "Abbott's Forms," which he later carried on alone. He was the author of "Trial Evidence," "Brief for the Trial of Civil Issues before a Jury," "Brief for the Trial of Criminal Cases," "Brief on Questions Arising on the Pleadings in Civil Cases," and of a series of books on the "Methods of Civil Procedure." He was made an LL.D. by the University of the City of New York in 1889, and Dean of its Law School in 1891. In connection with the deanship he founded and edited *The University Law Review*.

Prof. K. G. T. Webster of Milton Academy, Mass., writes to us in support of the protest against the use of Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year" in schools. He says:—"It seems to me that with the one merit of vivid realism the language of the book combines all possible faults."

Ex-President Harrison will preside at the college students' contest of the Northern Oratorical League, to be held at the Auditorium, Chicago, on May 1. The competing institutions are the universities of Chicago, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin, Oberlin College and Northwestern University. The judges will be J. J. Griffiths of Indiana, ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, Prof. O. S. Murray, Dean of Princeton; the Rev. Dr. Titworth D. Swain and Dr. Washington Gladden.

Squadron A of the National Guard of this State is about to establish a cavalry institute. According to the circular of the association formed for this purpose by some of its members, the objects of the institute will be:—"First, to stimulate the interest of the members in all matters pertaining to military science and to afford them facilities for acquiring knowledge in regard thereto. Second, to assist the members in acquiring some outline of general military history, with especial reference to the part played by cavalry in the past and its rôle in the future. The methods which the association would employ, such as lectures by professional soldiers, special work on the part of the members, etc., could be decided upon at the time of the formation and organization of the association."

Work has been begun at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., on the new dormitory presented to the institution by Mr. De Witt Smith of this city. The building, which will bear the donor's name, will cost about \$75,000. It will be ready for the fall term,

At its annual meeting, the Froebel Society of Brooklyn reelected its President, Mrs. Sadie W. Taylor. From the report we learn that in the course of the year the Society acquired twenty-five new members, making a total of ninety-nine active and eleven honorary members.

A tea was given in this city on Thursday afternoon by those interested in the movement to raise money for the Mount Holyoke College endowment fund. Of the additional endowment of \$150,000, which must be collected before December to secure the conditional gift of \$50,000 by Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, \$60,000 has already been raised. Mme. Calvé presided at the tea.

The cornerstone of the new free public library of Hoboken was laid this week.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in press a small volume on "The Interpretation of Literature," by W. H. Crawshaw, A. M., Professor of English Literature in Colgate University. "The work emphasizes the conception of literature as an art, and seeks, not to examine it from without, but to interpret it from within."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a "History of American Literature," for use in secondary schools, by Prof. Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College. The book consists mainly of the literary narrative, but an appendix presents a scheme for study and class-room work.

By the will of Mr. Ephraim Howe, who died in this city on April 8, Tufts College is to receive \$40,000. St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., will receive \$1000 for a scholarship.

J. B. Lippincott Co. announce a great reduction in the price of "Lippincott's Gazetteer" and "Lippincott's Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary." They have in preparation, also, a new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," at "a remarkably low figure." All of these are standard works.

The Iowa legislature has passed a bill providing for the erection of a historical building. The passage of the bill is due to the Hon. Charles Aldrich, whose historical and literary collection is to form the nucleus of that to be gathered in the proposed building.

The Government has begun the publication of a compilation of the messages and state papers of the Presidents of the United States, from 1789 to 1897. The work will be in several volumes, and will include historical matter not on record in the archives, and the secret proceedings of the Senate, which have never been made public before. All the proclamations of the Presidents, which, strange to say, the Washington archives do not possess, will be included. The series will be edited by Representative Richardson of Tennessee. The first volume, which is now ready, covers the years 1789-1817. An innovation in Government publications will be the illustrations, including portraits of the Presidents.

The Board of City Record has authorized Chief Clerk Ten Eyck of the Board of Aldermen to superintend the reprinting of the old Dutch records in the City Library, which have been in a state of dilapidation. The Board of Estimate has appropriated \$7000 for the work.

Notes

THE MESSRS. HARPER have some interesting books on their list for early publication. Among them are "Cyrus W. Field, His Life and Work, 1819-1892," edited by Isabella Field Judson, with photogravure portrait and other illustrations; "Madelon," a new novel by Miss Mary E. Wilkins; and a new edition of some of Mark Twain's most popular books.

The date of publication of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's new volume of stories has been postponed from the 18th to the 25th, owing to the large number of advance orders. The first edition of 5000 copies was exhausted before the last copy left the press of the Messrs. Scribner.

The Messrs. Scribner are now, by arrangement with Messrs. Stone & Kimball, the publishers of all the writings of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. They had all of Mr. Stevenson's earlier books before, but now they have his later ones as well, and will publish "Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives" when they are completed as serials. A part of the "Vailima Table-talk" will be published in *Scribner's* before it is published in book-form.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish a book on "London Burial-grounds," most of which have passed away, even the traditions of their sites having become of the most fragmentary description. The work starts with the British and Roman burial places.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish shortly "The Daughter of a Stoic," by Cornelia Atwood Pratt. Mr. Howells has already discussed the general principles governing those young people in fiction who find themselves engaged to the wrong individuals, but this author deals with the subject from a fresh point of view.

In November 1895, when Prof. Röntgen was perfecting his discovery, but before the results were made known, there was published "Stella," by Charles S. Hinton, a romance, the plot of which was based on the fact of the permeability of the human body to rays of light. Some months later, the condition stated in the book, seemingly so far beyond any likelihood of conjecture, became a scientific and demonstrable piece of knowledge.

Mr. Edward Arnold will publish a new novel by Mr. Stephen Crane, called "Dan Emmons."

Mrs. Burnett, it is said, has decided to dramatise her very successful story, "A Lady of Quality." There is plenty of action in this tale, but we should think that there might be some difficulties in the way of the dramatist—the scene in which Florinda kills her ex-lover and kicks his body under the divan, for instance. The killing would not be so hard to give on the stage, but the kicking would be rather difficult to do with dignity.

It is announced that \$10,000 has been raised in England for the Huxley Memorial, which is to take the form of a statue in the Natural History Museum, and the establishment of a medal at the Royal College of Sciences.

Mme. Duse will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on April 29 and 30 and May 1, before sailing for Europe. It is not at all certain that she will return to this country next year. If she does, however, she will probably bring her own company of Italians, and not play with an English-speaking company. We sincerely hope that this is true, for we should regret seeing her in a polyglot performance.

Marie Corelli's latest novel, "The Mighty Atom," tilts at the assumptions of science in the domain of religion.

Col. Richard Henry Savage, the novelist, has brought an action in the Supreme Court against Mr. Frank Tennyson Neely, the Chicago publisher, to recover \$12,000, alleged to be due on a contract for the publication of his works. The plaintiff avers that he delivered manuscripts and plates to Mr. Neely for "The Masked Venus," "Prince Schamyl's Wooing" and other works, for which he was to receive 7 1-2 cents on each paper-covered book and 15 cents on each bound in cloth sold by the publisher. Mr. Neely, he asserts, was to render an accounting on the 15th of each month, but failed to do so. Col. Savage also says that Mr. Neely failed to pay him \$250 for a sketch of his life, or to advertise his works.

The shortest theatrical engagement on record is that of Mr. Richard Mansfield with Mr. Frohman. It was broken before any of its conditions were carried out.

Mr. Gladstone's daughter, Mrs. Drew, has written the following letter to Mr. Heinemann, the London publisher, apropos of an American novel:—"When Mr. Gladstone wrote you the other day about the Renan translation you sent him, he forgot at the moment that it was from you he received Mr. Frederic's very remarkable novel 'Illumination.' It arrived while he was still at Cannes, but it so deeply impressed me that I lost no time in inducing him to read it, and it was interesting to see how unable he was to put it down. He thinks it a masterpiece of character drawing, and wishes me to thank you very much for sending it to him."

The May *Forum* will contain the first of two papers on "Modern Norwegian Literature," by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson; and an article on "The Political Situation," by E. L. Godkin.

The May *Atlantic* will contain the opening number of a series of letters from Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, edited by George Birkbeck Hill; "The Scandinavian Contingent," being the third paper in the series on race characteristics in American life, by Kendrick Charles Babcock; and an anonymous paper on Mr. Olney's fitness for the Presidency.

The Loan Exhibition, at the United Charities Building, of revolutionary relics, arranged by the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was opened in the evening of April 20. Among the articles exhibited are a letter of Washington, a lock of his hair, and a pearl button from his wedding waistcoat; a spillet made in Holland, old portraits, silver and costumes. The proceeds of the exhibition will be devoted to the erection of a monument over the grave of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," at Frederick, Md.

—The May *Century* will contain a paper on "The Crowning of a Czar," by Mary Grace Thornton, whose father was British Ambassador to Russia at the time of the coronation of Alexander III. The illustrations will be from the official records issued by the Russian Government. The ceremonies attending the coronation of Nicholas II. next month will be almost identical with those described.

—Mr. Henry B. Nims, the well-known Troy publisher and bookseller, died on April 10. Mr. Louis Benziger, formerly of the firm of Benziger Bros., died on the 12th. He was born in Switzerland in 1840, and came to this country in 1860.

—Baron Constantin de Grimm, who died in this city last week, was born in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on 30 Dec. 1845. His father was at the time chief tutor to the children of the Tsar Nicholas I. Baron Constantin tried various professions during the course of his life. He was lawyer, illustrator and soldier in quick succession. As a soldier he had a brilliant career and won the Iron Cross for bravery in the Franco-Prussian war. He came to America at the instance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, to make caricatures for *The Evening Telegram*. In this he was not very successful, not being quite able to catch the characteristics of the Americans whom he caricatured.

—Baron Maurice de Hirsch, the well-known financier and philanthropist, died in Hungary on April 21. His charities have made his name famous the world over.

—Jean Baptiste Léon Say, the French statesman and economist, died on April 21 in Paris, where he was born 6 June 1826. He was a prolific writer on economic subjects, and was elected to the Académie Française in 1886, to succeed Edmond About.

—Prof. Carl V. Lachmund of this city has organized a ladies' string orchestra, which, as its name implies, will be composed entirely of women. Mme. Camilla Urso is the Honorary President. Prof. Lachmund's idea is to make the orchestra coöperative in its plan, as is the Philharmonic. There is no reason why a string orchestra of women should not be a success, both financially and musically. This orchestra is entirely professional and must not be confused with the amateur orchestras of women that have been formed from time to time in this city.

—On April 21 the Mendelssohn Glee Club held memorial exercises in honor of the late Joseph Mosenthal, who was its conductor for nearly thirty years. The Club sang two of Mr. Mosenthal's compositions, and there were addresses by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel and Bishop Potter.

—Before sailing for Europe on April 22, Mr. Paderewski established a fund of \$10,000 for the encouragement of American musicians. The income from this sum will be devoted to the following triennial prizes for American composers:—\$500 for the best orchestral work in symphonic form; \$300 for the best composition for solo instrument with orchestra; \$200 for the best chamber music work. Mr. William Steinway, Col. H. L. Higginson of Boston and Dr. William Mason of New York are appointed Trustees. Mr. Paderewski will send further particulars from Europe.

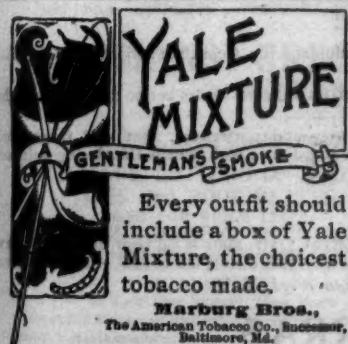
—The same ship that bore Mr. Paderewski from our shores, took Max O'Rell, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton and Mrs. Burton Harrison, who hopes to include a trip to Norway and Russia among her summer diversions. Mrs. Harrison's son Fairfax, by the way, who shares his mother's literary gift, has been appointed Solicitor of the Southern Railway, and will make his home in Washington.

—Since we sent to Mrs. Fields checks for \$1228.51, for the Tennyson Beacon Fund, we have received from different contributors \$9, bringing the total up to \$1237.51.

—At the 193d quarterly session of the Newark Teachers' Institute, held in Newark on April 18, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie spoke on "Literature as a Source of Personal Power." He said in part:—"Freshness of spirit is one great power to be drawn from literature. It is the quality of youth, and one great characteristic of great men and women is their eternal youthfulness. If I had my way, I would compel everybody to read Homer through at least once a year. Homer is full of health and vitality; there is not a morbid word in his books—none of that modern disease of introspection, which seems to permeate all modern literature, until you and I have come to think that a broken heart, a diseased mind, a bottle of ink and a ream of paper are all that is necessary to write a modern novel."

—The English comic weekly, *Judy*, is to be edited by a woman, Miss Lillian Debenham, who is also the owner of the paper. Miss Debenham will have an excellent opportunity to prove whether or no she possesses the humorous quality which is said to be lacking in women.

—It is reported from Constantinople that an ancient and beautiful manuscript copy of the Gospels, dating back to the sixth century, has recently been found in Asia Minor. It is written on the finest and thinnest of vellum, which is dyed purple, and the letters are in silver, except the abbreviations and sacred names,



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which are in gold. Representatives of English and American universities have unsuccessfully sought to obtain possession of the find, which has been secured by Russia.

—Mr. R. H. Stoddard, who some years ago successfully underwent an operation for cataract, has again been operated upon with equally favorable results. He will be under treatment for some weeks to come.

—The Landmarks Club of Los Angeles, Cal., mention of whose laudable aim (the preservation and restoration of the missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California) has been made repeatedly in these pages, has met with brilliant success. Nearly \$1000 has already been contributed by those interested in the work, and Mr. Charles F. Lummis, its moving spirit, reports hopefully his conviction that "we shall be able to save most of our ruins in much their present shape." He adds:—"You will understand the importance and the difficulty of the work when I tell you that at San Juan, for instance, the mission establishment could not be duplicated (as it was in its prime) for \$100,000. I fancy most Easterners do not realize the ambitiousness of these establishments which the *frailles* founded in a wilderness among savages and for savages." Contributions may be sent to *The Land of Sunshine*, 501 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

—The sale of the collection of books, furniture, bric-à-brac, etc., left by the late George W. Dillaway, was concluded on April 18. The prices paid were very low, the total realized being only \$9564.17.

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| At Walleley. 1895. \$1. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
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| Buchanan, Robert. Elsie Hetherington. \$1.50. | Roberts Bros. |
| Carus, Paul. Religion of Science. 50c. | Open Court Pub. Co. |
| Cawein, Madison. Undertones. 75c. | Copeland & Day. |
| Catalogue of the Western Reserve University, 1895-96. | |
| Chamber, G. The Witch of Withyford. 75c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Chambers, Robert W. A King and a Few Dukes. \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Comte, A. Positive Philosophy. Tr. by H. Martineau. 3 vols. \$4.50. | Macmillan & Co. |

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| Hale, W. B. The Eternal Teacher. | Oxford: University Press. |
| Hale, W. B. Making of the American Constitution. | Oxford: University Press. |
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| Kellogg, V. L. New Mallophaga. I. With Special Reference to a Collection Made from Maritime Birds of the Bay of Monterey, California. | Palo Alto, Cal.: Leland Stanford Univ. |
| Le Gallienne, Richard. Retrospective Reviews. 2 vols. \$3.50. | Dodd, Mead & Co. |
| Leroy-Beaulieu, A. The Empire of the Tatars and the Russians. Tr. by Z. A. Casell Pub. Co. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Lille, Lucy C. Ruth Endicott's Way. \$1.25. | Henry T. Combs & Co. |
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| Marchbank, Agnes. Ruth Farmer. \$1. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Memoirs of Barras. Ed. by George Duruy. Vols 3 and 4. Tr. by C. E. Roche. \$3.75 each. | Harper & Bros. |
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